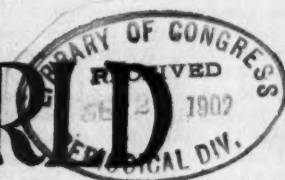


THE
CONGREGATIONALIST
AND
CHRISTIAN WORLD

Volume LXXXVII

27 September 1902

Number 39



The Deepole

Ralph Connor

Second in the series of Glengarry Sketches

The Darker Side of the Outlook in China

Rev. Arthur H. Smith, D. D.

Dreams Made Real

Prof. J. E. M'Fadyen

Phases of the Work of the American Board

A series of illustrated articles from workers at home and abroad

Missionary Recruits of the Year

Two pages of portraits of men and women commissioned within a year

Bookmen and Bookshops. I. Nathan Haskell Dole

The Prevention of Cruelty to Milkweed (story)

Zephine Humphrey

A Petition to End the Coal Strike

A Full Table of Contents Will Be Found Inside

THE · PILGRIM · PRESS
BOSTON · AND · CHICAGO

For Endeavorers

PRAYER MEETING

BY REV. H. A. BRIDGMAN

Topic, Oct. 5-11. A Searching Question. John 21: 15-25.

How characteristic this last picture that John gives of Jesus and his disciples! We see the same Jesus with whom we became familiar in the earlier pages of the gospel, as thoughtful as ever of the physical necessities of his followers, providing first for their bodily needs before he gave them one more lesson in things spiritual. Then, too, we observe the same directness of approach. He strikes, as usual, at the center of the whole matter with a test question.

There was more in the question than a mere desire to ascertain the genuineness of Peter's repentance. He meant to have this query serve as the basis of discipleship for all the ages to come. Herein lay the genius of Jesus. To ask: "Do you understand all about me? Are you aware of the successive intellectual and emotional processes involved in Christian discipleship?" would have been to limit his religion to the keen-minded. To have asked, "Have you always been a faithful disciple and do you intend after this never to go astray again?" would have debarred all the Peters in all the ages from his kingdom. To have inquired, "Do you love the good, the true and the beautiful as you observe it in God's universe and in human life about you?" would have made of the Christian faith an airy, abstract affair, powerless to propagate itself in the world; but to ask, "Lovest thou me?" is to bring a man up, standing, so to speak, to compel him to be honest, courageous and definite in his thought of Christ and of his own life.

To those tangled in the mazes of theology a question like this comes as a silver thread, following which one shall in due time work his way into the light. To the man who has stumbled once and again, who feels an evil spirit upon him, almost forcing him to do the things he would not, this question opens the flood gates of feeling and awakens new hope. To the man who has become cold, who is half in the kingdom and half out of it, this question comes to remind him of an earlier affection and of the possibility of recovering it. To every Christian in perplexity, discouragement and darkness, the question comes as tender as a mother's touch, as stirring as a trumpeter's call to battle.

Beware of looking upon this question as something purely sentimental. The love which Jesus has in mind is the result of the firm set of the will toward him and the things which he represents. But a man says to me: "I can't command my love toward human beings. How then can I love a far-off person of history?" You can't if love be only an emotional affair. But Christ said to men as unemotional as you, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God"—and he would not have commanded an impossibility. If a man cannot

love Jesus Christ I would not advise him to enter upon the Christian life. Somehow or other children do not find it hard to love Jesus. I know a little lad who broke out quite spontaneously the other day, "Mamma, I love Jesus." The pure in heart do not find it hard to love Jesus. The saints of this and of other ages, the missionaries like Chalmers, who has just poured out his life in New Guinea, because they have set their whole beings toward Christ by a firm act of the will, have found it as easy in time to love him as to love their dearest ones. There is a personal relationship in religion, or there is nothing. The power of the divine life, which we feel throbbing through the world about us, the gracious, brooding spirit over us all, manifested once in human form in Jesus Christ, claims the love of each one of us; and claims nothing but what we, in our capacity as sons of God, are able to give.

The Church Prayer Meeting

Topic, Sept. 28—Oct. 4. The Attraction of God's Presence. 2 Chron. 15: 1-9; Acts 6: 1-7; Is. 60: 1-22.

Christian life a manifestation of God. When is the church attractive? Have we anything better than God's presence to offer?

[For prayer meeting editorial see page 429.]

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and the Catskills, West Point, and the Palisades, arriving in NEW YORK CITY at 6:00 A.M. or 6:00 P.M., Friday, Oct. 10. Thence by the palatial steamers of the Fall River Line to Boston, arriving at 7:00 A.M. either Saturday or Sunday. Tickets on sale at principal stations. For further particulars address
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THE excellence of Mellin's Food as an article of diet for the invalid consists in its nourishing the invalid satisfactory without exacting any penalty from his stomach. That delicate organ is not overtaxed, while at the same time the nourishing of the patient goes forward rapidly and he gains in flesh and health.

WABAN School Vacation Camp on the Maine coast for the summer of 1902 was a great success. The new year of the school opens Oct. 1, with a largely increased attendance. Every available space in the school was filled last year, and room has been secured for ten additional pupils for the coming year.

BEAUTIFUL TRIP TO NEW YORK CITY THROUGH THE HOOSAC COUNTRY AND VIA THE HUDSON RIVER.—Round trip \$5.00 Oct. 2. The Hoosac Country, the Deerfield Valley, the Berkshire Hills and the Hudson River comprise the territories in the East where delightful scenery and natural grandeur is seen at its best. To do adequate justice to any one of these superior sections would require a volume, and then it would not be justly appreciated, for a visit is the only way to really learn its merits and estimate its grandeur. Starting from Boston the tourist passes through historic Cambridge, Waltham, Concord and any number of interesting towns, journeying along until he reaches that ever favored and slightly section, the Deerfield Valley, a snug retreat close to the Hoosac Mountain, entrance to which is gained by means of that mighty structure, the Hoosac Tunnel. At length the train emerges and such scenery as might gladden the heart of any tourist, the Hoosac Mountains in all their mighty majesty rise upon each side, the high peaks of Greylock and the Taconic range towering above the rest and showing more prominently because of the view of the Berkshires which greet the sight-seer on his arrival at Williamstown, the seat of Williams College and situated in the heart of these famous hills. After leaving Williamstown, the trip to Albany, N. Y., is through a territory whose scenic conditions are unmatched save by the territory just traversed. Arriving at Albany, the capital of New York state, and one of the most interesting and at the same time one of the handsomest residential cities in the East, there is much to see. The boulevards and long and wide streets lined with sumptuous residences, the capitol, one of the greatest buildings in the country, and a score of other sights and scenes are here to interest and instruct the visitors. Leaving Albany the trip continues down the Hudson River, that famed of famous regions, where Irving, Cooper and a dozen other writers derived inspiration for their tales and narratives. On the west side are the palisades, a sight to be viewed by every tourist; the beautiful Catskill Mountains, the home of Rip Van Winkle, and in the distance the giant Adirondacks. On the eastern shore are the historic towns of Fishkill, Poughkeepsie, etc., while on the other shore are West Point, Newburgh, Cornwall and a dozen other interesting villages and haunts. The autumn foliage gives an appearance to this region far more beautiful than the summer garb, and early in October is the time to enjoy it. If the trip down the Hudson is taken on the night boat, the loss of the scenery is almost made up by the pretty appearance of the near-by shores as the flashing searchlight from the steamer is turned on them. When the traveler arrives at New York city, his destination, enjoyment and amusement at the great metropolis can be had to his heart's content. This is the excursion which the Boston & Maine Railroad will run on Oct. 2, leaving Boston on special train at 8.55 A. M., arriving in Albany at 3.40 P. M., leaving Albany on the Steamer Adirondack at 8 P. M. that night, arriving in New York city at 6 A. M. the following morning; or, if you prefer, stop over night in Albany Oct. 2, and leave on the Steamer New York at 8.30 A. M. Oct. 3, arriving in New York city at 6 P. M. the same night. Tickets will be good returning Oct. 3 or 4 via the Fall River Line Steamers. If you desire to stop longer in New York city, you can do so by presenting your ticket and \$2.00 at the Fall River Line office, pier 19, foot of Warren Street, New York city.

FOR all kinds of Church and Sunday School Records and Requisites, no matter when published, send to the Congregational Bookstores at Boston or Chicago.

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THE CONGREGATIONALIST

and Christian World

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SUCCEEDING

The Recorder founded 1816: The Congregationalist, 1849

Published every Saturday at 14 Beacon Street, Boston.

RECEIPTS for subscriptions are indicated by the date of expiration on the address label. If a special receipt is wanted a stamp must be sent with the remittance. CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Notice of change of address must reach this office on Friday to insure the sending of the paper of the following week to the new address. DISCONTINUANCES.—In accordance with the almost universal wish of our subscribers, papers are continued until there is a specific order to stop. In connection with such an order all arrearages must be paid. An order of discontinuance can be given at any time, to take effect at the expiration of the subscription.

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The Pilgrim Press

Boston and Chicago

J. H. Tewksbury, Business Manager.

Entered as second-class mail. Composition by Thomas Todd

NORTH ADAMS, THE HOOSAC MOUNTAINS AND SADAWGA SPRINGS \$2.00 SATURDAY, SEPT. 27.—The large exodus of people from the cities during the present month gives evidence of the fact that September is becoming the month for a trip to the country, and to the enthusiast who intends a trip or anticipates a day's enjoyment away from the noisy grind of the "Hub" a suggestion may not be out of order. Let me mention one spot in Massachusetts where all the delightful panoramic scenery, interesting landmarks and natural endowments which we are accustomed to hear so much about are scattered in profusion. North Adams is the spot, situated as it is in a region whose praises and glory have been made famous by Henry Ward Beecher, Bryant and Hawthorne; it really needs but a visit from the tourist to verify all that can be said about it. Here the Hoosac Tunnel, that mighty cavern, an example of the accomplishments of man, is hallowed out from the mountains whose name it bears; near by are Mt. Greylock, Hoosac Mountain and a score of others which can be reached by trolley. The Natural Bridge is another interesting feature, situated but a short ride or walk from the town; it presents a most remarkable appearance; it is over sixty feet high over a stream called Hudson's Brook, and was caused by the waters of the brook wearing a passage through the solid rock. The cascade, the peak and Sadawga Springs are other decidedly interesting objective points easily reached by stage. Sadawga Springs is situated in Vermont just over the line; it has quite an elevation and is famous for its mineral springs. Quite near the springs is Sadawga Lake and its noted floating island, which is also reached by stage. Its situation is ideal, flanked on one side by the Hoosac Mountains and on the other by the Green Mountains. The hotels at North Adams are first class, and good accommodations at several of these near-by resorts can be obtained. On Saturday, Sept. 27, the Boston & Maine Railroad will run an excursion from Boston to North Adams at a round trip rate of \$2.00. Tickets will be good going only on special train leaving Boston at 8.15 A. M., returning on special train leaving North Adams at 4.25 P. M. and Hoosac Tunnel at 4.40 P. M., or on regular trains on Sept. 28 or 29. Tickets will be on sale at City Ticket Office, 322 Washington Street, corner of Milk Street, up to 5 P. M. Sept. 26, and at Union Station after 5 P. M.

1 CENT A MILE TRAVELED.—Annual autumnal excursion Thursday, Oct. 9. Over the Boston & Albany, through the most beautiful section of Massachusetts, the Berkshire Hills, down the Hudson River on either day or night boat; the Fall River Line's palace steamers Puritan or Priscilla, Friday or Saturday nights, arriving in Boston the next morning at 7 A. M., all for \$5.00. Address for leaflet A. S. Hanson, Gen. Pass. Agent, Boston.

A NEW COMBINATION.—One of our furniture houses in this city has just brought out a toilet table which is a combination of table and cheval glass. It is arousing much admiration by its ingenious method of supplying two pieces of furniture at the cost of one. It is for sale at the Palme Furniture Warerooms on Canal Street.

Loss of appetite is commonly gradual; one dish after another is set aside till few remain. These are not eaten with much relish, and are often so light as not to afford much nourishment. Loss of appetite is one of the first indications that the system is running down, and there is nothing else so good for it as Hood's Sarsaparilla—the best of all tonics. Accept no substitute for Hood's.

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Addresses in the Old South Church, Boston, by

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Pres. Franklin Carter of Williams
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Religious Notices

Religious and ecclesiastical notices, addresses of ministers, etc., published under this heading at ten cents a line.

THE Friday morning prayer meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions will be resumed, commencing Oct. 3, in Pilgrim Hall. Please notice that the hour will be at eleven o'clock.

AMERICAN SEAMAN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, No. 76 Wall St., New York. Incorporated April, 1833. Object: to improve the moral and social condition of seamen. Sustains chaplains and missionaries; promotes temperance homes and boarding houses in leading seaports at home and abroad; provides libraries for outgoing vessels, publishes the *Savior's Magazine*, *Seaman's Friend* and *Life Boat*.

Contributions to sustain its work are solicited, and remittances of same are requested to be made direct to the main office of the society at New York.

Rev. Dr. CHARLES A. STODDARD, President.

Rev. W. C. STITT, Secretary.

W. HALL BOPES, Treasurer.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS, to be held at Oberlin, O., Oct. 14-17.

The sermon will be preached by Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, D. D., of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Addresses will be given by a goodly company of missionaries, including Miss Ellen M. Stone, by President Capen, Mr. John E. Mott, members of the India deputation and others. Annual reports will be presented.

Those entitled to free hospitality should communicate at once with Mr. L. D. Harkness, 113 South Professor Street, Oberlin. The moderate rate of \$1 per day is offered to all others in boarding houses and private families. Address as above for such entertainment.

The usual reduced rates from the railroad passenger associations—one fare and one-third, on certificate plan—have been secured. The official certificate must be secured of the agent from whom the ticket is purchased on starting for Oberlin. Send to Charles E. Sweet, Congregational House, Boston, Mass., for transportation circular, or to the committee at Oberlin.

The Oberlin churches expect and invite a full attendance.

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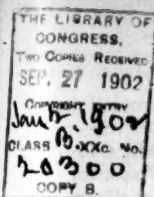
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THE CONGREGATIONALIST

Saturday
27 September 1902

and Christian World

Volume LXXXVII
Number 39

Event and Comment

Our American Board Broadside

We are glad to devote five full pages of this issue to contributions and illustrations bearing upon the world-wide work of the American Board. Now that our great foreign missionary society has rounded out its ninety-second year without debt and is on the eve of what we trust will prove a notable annual meeting, it is an opportune time to print these related articles. They show a variety of methods, but a wonderful and gratifying unity of result. Indeed, the most productive work the Christian Church is doing today is in its foreign missionary field, and of all the agencies now at work there none is more ably administered, none has a more united and enthusiastic constituency and none is reaping a larger harvest than the good old American Board.

Strengthen the Missionary Meeting

In one sense the key to the success of missions is in the home churches. The most efficient measures and the noblest band of consecrated workers are almost powerless to accomplish their task unless Christians generally furnish the sinews of war. And in the home churches missionary enthusiasm depends largely upon the prominence with which the subject is kept before the people. Aside from allusions at other times one meeting a month devoted to the theme is none too many. To plead for a revival of the old monthly concert or to urge the establishment of a missionary meeting of modern sort ought to be entirely unnecessary, and yet we fear that in hundreds of churches today the great enterprise of Christian missions finds scant consideration from one month's end to another. Let us all right about face. Beginning at once let us establish a missionary meeting that is worth while. To that end we call attention to the program for an October meeting printed on page 449. This has been prepared by a committee of the Massachusetts State Association composed of some of our brightest younger ministers. The program is simple, definite and refers to sources of information immediately at hand. The subject for November will have to do with home missions, and it is the intention of the committee, which includes in its membership Rev. F. R. Shipman of Andover, Rev. J. L. Keedy of Walpole, Rev. Raymond Calkins of Pittsfield and Dr. W. B. Forbush of Charlestown, to alternate between the home and foreign field. In this way during the next ten months the aggressive side of Congregationalism in all fields of labor will be passed under review. Pastors, try these

programs, unless you have a better one of your own. Brethren in the pews, bring your influence to bear in the establishment and maintenance of such a meeting.

The Oberlin Meeting

Although no single matter of exceptional importance is on the program of the meeting of the American Board, Oct. 14-17, the ninety-third anniversary promises to be one of the most interesting in the Board's history. Besides the reports of the Prudential Committee and other committees, and papers by the secretaries, addresses are expected on Wednesday evening from the members of the deputation to India, Drs. Barton and Loba and Mr. William F. Whittemore; on Thursday evening Pres. S. B. Capen, Mr. John R. Mott and Miss Ellen M. Stone will speak. A number of missionaries will be present from Turkey, China, India, South Africa and other mission fields. A martyr's memorial arch is to be erected on the college campus in honor of the missionaries who were put to death during the Boxer outbreak in China in 1900. The corner stone will be laid during this meeting. Oberlin has sent out nearly one thousand missionaries, home and foreign. Two buildings, the Judson Cottage and the Tank Home, are constantly occupied by missionaries and their families at home on furloughs. At one time twenty-five missionary families were represented here, gathered from fourteen of the twenty missions of the Board. Oberlin has missionary traditions, a missionary atmosphere, and is identified with Congregational history and life as is no other town outside of New England. The first meeting of the Triennial National Council was held there in 1871. An attractively illustrated souvenir program has been issued, with a historical sketch of Oberlin and many fine pictures of the college grounds and buildings.

Signs of Promise

In many of our churches the outlook for spiritual work is brighter than for some time. Sermons on the fundamental themes of the gospel are drawing appreciative congregations. In many churches in Chicago arrangements have been made for cottage prayer meetings every night in the week for at least a month. Persons willing to open their houses for a small gathering of Christian friends give their names to the pastors, who secure the leaders and receive reports from each meeting every week. The readiness with which church members have responded to this appeal has surprised even the

most zealous friends of the movement. It shows that an earnest Christian life exists even if it has not expressed itself of late in some of the forms in which it appeared in the past.

The Pastor Teaching and Taught

Greater emphasis is coming to be placed on the teaching function of the church. This we regard as one of the most encouraging features of Christian work today. If less preaching is called for, more teaching will be welcomed; and the pastor must be the chief teacher in his church. We commend to the attention of ministers an account in the October *Pilgrim Teacher* of a Men's Seminar, by Rev. A. C. Ferrin of Springfield, Vt. The class has been in successful operation for two years. Not least among its results is "a better understanding by the pastor of the attitude of the men and a knowledge of what they are thinking about." These are things essential for pastors, which can be learned by them only as they are taught by their people. We expect to publish from time to time accounts of noteworthy experiments of this sort, which indicate and illustrate a change much to be desired in the relations between pastors and their congregations.

China Pays Claims for Destruction of Mission Property

The American Board has received through the United States State Department, \$57,933, being one-quarter of the amount awarded to the Board by the commission now in session in China for losses on mission property in the Boxer outbreak two years ago. The total award is very nearly equal to the amount of the claims presented. The award for the personal losses of missionaries will, it is expected, soon be sent from Peking to Washington. This is prompt payment for damages as contrasted with the long delays in settling the claims of the Board against Spain and Turkey. The sum received goes toward reimbursing the treasury for money already expended in rebuilding mission property in North China and in meeting other urgent calls of the same sort.

The Bible the Most Popular Book

While interest in most other books waxes and wanes and dies out in a few years, more copies of the Bible are called for each year. The Eighty-sixth Annual Report of the American Bible Society shows that its issues during the past year were 1,723,791—an increase of 169,663 over the year preceding. Over

a million copies of the Holy Scriptures or parts of them were distributed by the society in foreign lands in nearly one hundred languages. The receipts from individuals, churches and auxiliary societies were \$109,658 and from legacies \$115,892. The society has hundreds of colporteurs and agencies in this and other countries, giving Bibles to the poor and selling them to those who are able to buy. It has completed its translation of the Bible into the Tagalog language and its colporteurs in the Philippines are pushing distribution. The New Testament has been put into Visayan, Ilocano and Pangasinan; Luke and Mark into Pampanga; Luke in Cebuano and Luke and Matthew into Bico.

The Bible a Witness to Itself

Some alarm is being expressed at the tendency in educational circles to study the Bible as literature and not as the Word of God. This is a sentiment similar to that which has led the church, at some periods, to attempt to withhold the Bible from the people except when it could be interpreted by persons whom the church trusted. This sentiment is promoted, not by faith, but by want of faith in the Bible. Christ said, "The words that I have spoken unto you are spirit and are life." His words prove themselves divine by the life that is in them. If they did not, no assertion that the life is there would convince men. Dr. Willis C. Noble of China on another page gives this bit of testimony to the power of the Book—that no mission has failed, "although the missionaries may have been driven away, where they have left the Bible with a people who could read it." If the study of the Bible as literature does not lead students to find it the record of a revelation of God, then it will lose its supremacy in men's lives. It has proved its power in too many centuries and in too many nations for this generation of American Christians to fear to put it into the hands of intelligent youth.

Family Degeneration

The names of men of past generations famous in American history have been made prominent in New York city during the past week by the acts of their descendants. That a descendant of Brigham Young should be wanted for crime involving lust is not surprising; but to have the honored name of Fish—a family which has furnished statesmen and soldiers from the time of the Revolution to the present—involved in a saloon brawl in which fast women play a part, and to have death to Mr. Nicholas Fish follow his ignoring those precepts of his religion and his breeding which should have kept him far from the abodes of iniquity, is startling. But present day conditions make such tragedies increasingly common. The division of families by the multiplication of establishments, the ease with which men of nominal respectability may hide their dual living in the great cities, the absence of that restraining influence which came with home life and neighborliness as over against apartment life and isolation, all make for evil. Then, too, as of yore, families run out.

Anti-Semitism in New York to Be Punished

Mayor Seth Low of New York has acted promptly in setting in motion the proper machinery to try and to discipline those negligent and inefficient police officials, whose lack of foresight and of disposition to see right done were responsible, in the opinion of the special committee appointed by Mayor Low, for the disgraceful scenes witnessed at the recent spectacular funeral of the chief rabbi of the orthodox Jews of New York. That the mayor has not waited for the police commissioner of the city to act, but has proceeded "over his head" to press the matter to its end, shows his own conviction in the matter and his determination that the city shall not be marred by other revelations of that baneful spirit so rife in European centers of population. In view of the striking growth of Jewry in New York the need of this prompt action is plain.

New Hampshire and Prohibition

The refusal of the New Hampshire Republican State Convention last week to reaffirm indorsement of the present prohibitory law, and its recommendation that men be elected to the coming legislature prepared to deal with the problem of reaffirming or altering the present law, indicates, as did the tenor of the debate in the convention, the existence in New Hampshire, as in Maine and Vermont, of a decided current of opinion running against the present law. Judge Cross of Manchester, Hon. Frank S. Streeter of Concord and men of that caliber and standing in the community are opposed to a continuation of the policy, which is the same for the cities and for the villages, for the towns with heterogeneous populations and various standards of ethics, conscientiously and tenaciously held, and towns with a dominant native stock and with a practically uniform standard of ethics in matters pertaining to the appetites. We are glad the issue is to be fought out on its merits and that the law is to be brought up to date, so that it will represent the sober opinion of the New Hampshire of today. Men equally conscientious will be found on both sides of the issue. Comparing what we know of conditions in New Hampshire, Vermont and Maine under state prohibitory laws with what we know of Massachusetts under a local option prohibitory law, we are bound to say that the latter law more nearly fits the principle of home rule and is less conducive to hypocrisy on the part of police and judicial officials.

The Issue of Tariff Reform

The declination of Hon. D. B. Henderson of the Iowa Third Congressional District to stand as a candidate for re-election has brought to the attention of the public, in a dramatic and divisive way, a crisis in the history of the Republican party which we saw coming months ago. General Henderson takes this step because of his difference of opinion with his former constituents as to the necessity of tariff reform by elimination of protection to products in which trusts have monopoly. They hold that such action by Congress is imperative. He holds that it is

not and that by so doing the protective system would be subverted. The rise of men like La Follette in Wisconsin, Cummings in Iowa, Babcock in Wisconsin, and Foss in Massachusetts, to challenge the domination of older men and old issues, has clearly pointed to a struggle between the progressive and the reactionary forces within the party; and of course the main issue now is the choice which the President will make between these factions, whether he will stand with the conservative East or the progressive Interior and West. That he will not support the "Iowa idea" of reform by attacking the trusts through the tariff seems clear from his speech at Cincinnati last Saturday; that he will decide against the demand for tariff reform through reciprocity and through revision of schedules seems unlikely. It certainly would be fatal, both to his own—and ultimately—to his party's future.

The Obstacles to Revision

One does not proceed far in consideration of the tariff problem, whether viewing it from the ethical or technical point of view, before he realizes the clashing of sectional, local and class interests involved, the tremendous pressure from combating forces which Congress has to resist, and the evils incident to any such system of determining a mode of gaining national income and guarding national interests. The average legislator is incompetent to do justice to the country at large by any action he may take in the matter. He has neither the expert knowledge necessary or the moral stamina requisite to make a decision with the largest interests in view. Moreover, with the issue a political one and not a purely scientific one, as it should be, even when he is competent mentally to deal with the problem, he is likely to have to decide between partisan loyalty or duty.

How the Revision Should Be Made

Some day—and we hope it is not far distant—the formulation of our system of federal taxation, in all but its broader outlines, will, we trust, be committed to an expert commission, well paid, securely placed above the reach of the spoilsman, which will have for its mission the creation of a system, flexible, just to the largest number of citizens, obedient to altering national demands, creating neither deficit nor surplus, and excluding so far as possible those exhibitions of selfishness, avarice and sheer indifference to general welfare which now exist, and which are creating so much adverse sentiment against the protective system. Pending this, however, much can be done by following that broad policy of reciprocity outlined by Mr. McKinley in his last speech at Buffalo, by which we give and take, and piece by piece abandon that attitude of exclusiveness which, if persisted in longer, will lessen that marvelously expanding foreign trade which we have built up within a decade. Refusal to countenance monopoly in industry and trade, reciprocity secured by diplomatic negotiation, and adjustment of schedules to altered trade conditions are imperatively needed, and independent, thoughtful voters in New England

will not be found far behind the Iowans in this demand if they are given an opportunity to speak and vote.

The Strike There is practically no change in the coal strike situation. Governor Stone of Pennsylvania has an article in *The Independent* favoring a compulsory arbitration law. Clergymen throughout the country, either in their pulpits or in ministers' meetings, are passing resolutions or preaching sermons suggesting radical measures. Newspapers are alert describing the conditions of coal bins among the rich and the poor, and in prophesying as to the rigors of the season which comes on apace. Substitutes for anthracite coal are rising in price as demand for them increases. Rents in apartment houses and hotels are increasing, both because of the prospective cost of heating them and because many who have run separate establishments hitherto are deciding to winter in apartment houses. Thus the strike will break up many a home that may never be restored on the old basis. Weddings are being postponed that were planned for. Dealers in the luxuries of life are beginning to realize that much that they might otherwise have expected to receive will go to dealers in fuel. In short, society, with groanings some of which are uttered and more are not, is adjusting itself to a condition which it does not like at all; and a deal of thinking is going on which sooner or later will make itself felt antagonistic to both of the classes responsible for this strike. The crafty rich and the lawless poor have got to reckon with the saving element of society which is neither covetous, crafty nor lawless, and which while at bottom individualistic may, paradoxical as it may seem, use socialistic weapons to accomplish its ends and find itself worse off than before.

The Philippines The announcement that the visit of the prior general of the Order of St. Augustine to the main seat of that order in this country and his conference with American subordinate officials has led to the selection of men who are to go out to the Philippines to take the place of the Spanish Augustinians is an important one. The pioneers of this policy are Rev. J. O. Mahony of Lawrence, Mass., and Rev. J. McErlain of Villa Nova College, Philadelphia. This probably is a carrying out of the definite policy urged by Judge Taft when in Rome dealing with the papal commission, and it is an omen of better days in the islands.

Detailed reports as to the murder of the four teachers by the native insurgent bands are gressome. The wonder is that we have not had more such reports, so isolated and relatively defenseless are many of the outposts where the teachers serve. Far more threatening to the educational work we have undertaken in the Philippines than any plotting of unkindly natives who misunderstand our motives is the factional dispute arising between Commissioner Moses and Superintendent Atkinson. As far as we can judge from editorials and communications in the Manila press, and from the editorial opinion of the *Journal of Education*, Boston,

the time has come for the civil commission to find other work for Commissioner Moses to do, if it wishes to retain the expert service of Mr. Atkinson and if it wishes to have the educational campaign prove a success. It is lamentable that there ever should have been any occasion for friction.

The International Court at The Hague A week that permits chronicle and comment on two such important events in international ethical relations as Secretary Hay's note to the Powers relative to the Jews of Roumania, and the opening arguments in the first case to be tried by the International Court of Arbitration at The Hague, a case in which the United States and Mexico are the litigants, ought to be counted a red letter week in the history of the country. It should give "pause" to those among us who think the nation is going to perdition. It certainly is creditable to us, and to our sister republic to the south, that we have been the first to show our faith in the court and in the method of adjusting international disputes which it stands for, namely—as the president of the court, Dr. Matzen, president of the Danish Landsthing, pointed out in his opening address—"on the basis of respect for right."

The Case at Issue The judges are Professor Martens, the great Russian jurist, Sir Edward Fry, ex-lord justice of appeal on Great Britain's judiciary, who were selected by the United States, and Professor Asser, an eminent Dutch jurist, and Dr. de Savornin Lohman, who were selected by Mexico. The fifth arbitrator, Dr. Matzen, was selected by the four men just named. The decree of the court is to be binding. The issue before the court, in brief, is this: namely, Mexico's liability for payment of interest and principal to those Roman Catholics resident in the United States who represent the interests which, in 1897, received gifts to establish missions in the district of Mexico which since has become California. The Spanish Government expelled the Jesuits in 1767 and seized, among other property, that purchased with these funds. When Mexico became independent she took over the property, selling it, however, in 1842, but guaranteeing the interest on the same to the Roman Catholic Church in perpetuity. When California became part of the United States Mexico stopped paying the interest for a time. In 1869 she paid \$904,700 in arrears of interest, on an award made by an English arbitrator. Now the matter is before arbitrators again, with the United States backing its Roman Catholic citizens, and before a tribunal gathered in the land of William of Orange. A man with an historical imagination can ruminate for some time over the dramatic aspects of this affair.

A minister not long ago, preaching in a church not far from Boston, condemned Sunday newspapers, emphasizing his disapproval by a reference to a picture he had seen in one of them that morning as he passed the news stand. After the service a young man who had heard the sermon strolled down the street and called for a copy of the paper. The news-

dealer asked him what was going on at the Orthodox church. He said a steady stream of people had been coming from it to buy that paper and he had sold his last copy. There are instances—and this was one of them—where the devil uses the wrath of good men to advertise and promote his works.

Europe, Keep Your Pledges

In 1831 Channing, the great New England divine, wrote thus in his journal:

A nation, blessed as we are with free institutions, should feel that it holds these not for itself only, but for mankind, and that all oppressive establishments must fall before their influence, if it will but give proof of their tendency and power to exalt a people in spirit, in virtue, and in condition.

So far, so good; but by implication the attitude was to be solely passive, as not a few would have it now. But he proceeded to say:

In truth, this close connection of different communities should lead us as individuals, as well as in associated character, to interest ourselves in the cause of humanity through the whole earth. . . . In such an age we should not shut up ourselves, or look on the struggles of nations with vain curiosity, but should watch the changes of the world with profound concern, and respond to great principles, and cheer philanthropic efforts, wherever manifested. We should feel, I think, that the time is approaching in which Christian philanthropy is to act a new part on the theater of human affairs, is to unite men of different countries in the same great work of rolling away abuses, of staying widespread evils, vindicating private rights, establishing public peace, and exalting the condition of the ignorant.

In this, as in much else that he thought on civic and social themes, Dr. Channing was ahead of his time. The parochial conception of the nation's destiny lasted until the century was well-nigh spent. Contenting ourselves with asserting the Monroe Doctrine as to Europe's non-intervention in American affairs, we conceived of ourselves as always refraining from expressing an opinion on the conduct of European nations, much less as formulating our opinion in a request to the Powers to follow a specific course of action.

But within five years we have "in our associated character" interested ourselves in securing order in Cuba, in establishing a stable government in the Philippines, and in protecting China against those who would have spoiled her; and now, last but not least, we have come to the succor of the ostracized, hounded Jews of Roumania and informed the Powers signing the Treaty of Berlin that both our own national interests and our sympathy for an oppressed people compel us to protest against any further ignoring, by the nations responsible under that treaty for the maintenance of religious liberty in Roumania, of the section of the treaty under which the Roumanian Jew is entitled to worship God and practice his ritual as freely as is the Orthodox Greek or the Roman Catholic. In short, we have said to unreasoning, devilish anti-Semitism that, inasmuch as it forces upon us as immigrants a class of men and women whom we cannot easily assimilate, we wish it to cease.

No document in the annals of recent American diplomacy, nothing certainly since Webster drafted our messages to the Powers of Europe, is comparable in

significance, in ethical force and in precision and beauty of expression with the message which has recently gone to the chancelleries of Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia, Italy, Austria and Turkey, under date of Aug. 11, and signed by John Hay. It serves notice on Europe that with President Roosevelt and Secretary Hay at the helm the new and larger America, as the *Tageblatt* of Berlin rightly says, "intends to make itself the spokesman of humanity and liberty and of religion."

On the broad ground suggested by Channing in his prophetic plea, and expressly stated by Secretary Hay, namely "that with nations, as with individuals, the social law holds good that the right of each is bounded by the right of the neighbor," and on the narrower but equally impregnable ground that through acts of oppression by Roumanian officials we are receiving thousands of Jews "unfitted by the conditions of their exile to take part in the new life of this land under circumstances either profitable to themselves or beneficial to the community," we have filed our remonstrance; and have, as the *Tageblatt* admits, "shamed the states of Europe by reminding them of their duties toward civilization."

Great Britain immediately indicated its intention to investigate the situation and assume its moral obligations under the treaty. The German press, barring the avowedly anti-Semitic section of it, seems to incline toward action favorable to the Jews and respectful to us. Sneers of course abound, sneers at the purity of our motives and pessimistic predictions as to the outcome of the protest. Whatever happens, this is assured—Jewry the world over will praise God for the boldness with which we have held up a searchlight and exposed a running sore on the body politic of Europe. Zangwill speaks for the Jew when he says, "Secretary Hay's note is a noble historic document, setting a precedent in political righteousness."

Senator Hoar at the Harvard Commencement dinner, 1901, referred to Mr. Hay as "one of the master minds of our diplomatic history." President Eliot, last June, in announcing Harvard's conferral of the degree of Doctor of Laws upon Mr. Hay, justified the act by describing him thus: "By force of just and liberal thinking the most successful diplomatist now living;" and Mr. Hay, in an address at the dinner following, said that the Golden Rule was the principle which, as a diplomatist, he followed, and he added:

There might be worse reputations for a country to acquire than that of always speaking the truth and always expecting it from others. . . . We are now too big to shirk our fair share of responsibility; let us hope we may never be big enough to have outgrown our conscience. Even our errors and failures cannot greatly check the irresistible onward march of this mighty republic, the consummate evolution of countless ages, called by divine voices to a destiny grander than we conceive, and moving always, consciously or unconsciously, along lines of beneficent achievement whose constant aims and ultimate ends are peace and righteousness.

Here speaks the great Christian statesman, John Hay. The only European diplomat who during the past five years has made a record comparable with Mr. Hay's record during that period is M. Delcassé, the Minister of Foreign Affairs

in the French Cabinet since 1898, under the Brisson, Dupuy, Waldeck-Rousseau and Combes ministries.

The Shadow Over China

Nothing could be more opportune, in the light of the latest cable messages from Peking and the reports to the Government from United States Minister Conger, than Dr. Arthur Smith's article which we publish on page 431. Dr. Smith, throughout the months that have intervened since the first of the Boxer outrages in 1898, has not been able to see the situation in as roseate light as some of the other missionaries and as most if not all the diplomats, probably because none of them know as much as he does about China or the Chinese.

It is true that just now the violence is reported from a province—Sze-Ch'uan—that was peaceful during the terrible outbreak of 1900, and thus far there has been no recurrence of anti-foreign outbreaks in the northern provinces then the scenes of murder and pillage; but, as Dr. Smith points out, the Powers by their diplomacy and their impositions of indemnity, and the subordinate officials and Buddhist priests by their extortion and duplicity, and the French Roman Catholic prelates and diplomats by their intrusion in realms legitimately subject to the civil authorities, are all hastening the day when the foreigner, whether missionary or merchant, must pay the price.

Thus, from the standpoint of the physical well-being of the missionaries and the other foreigners who stand for progress, the outlook is not bright—taking the long look ahead. Taking a near view, there are signs which are more welcome, such as the evident willingness of the government to permit much needed reforms in the fiscal and commercial systems of the empire, and in the growing spirit of comity between the Protestant missions; also, in the disposition shown to accept Japanese tutelage in educational and military administration. In consideration of this fact, however, it must always be borne in mind that Japan's ulterior motives are not revealed.

Breaking Nets

The nets with which the disciples on the Lake of Galilee inclosed the multitude of fishes, to the serious peril of their tackle, were probably such as they had always used and were adequate for all ordinary conditions. But the conditions then were altogether extraordinary, and their nets were breaking with the huge and unexpected draught. What should they do? They needed to save both their nets and the fish. They might be willing to sacrifice the former for the sake of such an unprecedented haul. But there was danger of losing both. The fish might escape and at the same time the nets be ruined. And so they beckoned to their partners in the other boat that they should come and help them, with the result that their nets held and both boats were filled with the miraculous draught.

Herein lies a parable. The same Master who on the Lake of Galilee bade his disciples to put out into the deep and let

down their nets has sent out through the American Board over five hundred of his servants as fishers of men. We who stand on the shore see them beckoning to us. We hear them saying, "Come and help us, for our nets are breaking." There is hardly a field of the American Board in which during the past year there has not been unusual success in gathering people into the gospel net. The Spirit of God has been present in marked degree, leading to the increase of inquirers, the casting away of idols and calls for Christian instruction. This has been specially true of the missions in China and Japan and India. Whether we call it miraculous or not, it is a great draught which these fishers of men have of late inclosed, and as they beckon for help they say in substance, and with a pathos that should touch our hearts, "Our nets are breaking!"

There is great danger of losing altogether the people who in unwonted numbers have been reached. They are ready for instruction and nurture, but if these cannot be given they will slip away. There are thousands already more or less attracted to the teaching of our missionaries who cannot be held by the forces now at work for them. Shall they be suffered to go back through neglect? They will do so unless we who are partners in this enterprise send help. Then will their last state be worse than the first.

It is a critical hour also respecting the missionary force now employed. For ten years the Prudential Committee has been constrained to act as nearly as possible on a plan to send no new missionaries except to fill vacancies created by death or from some other cause. The effort to keep this purpose has cost many a pang. But the necessity of doing so is apparent to those who consider the reports of debts during successive years. There are sixteen less men on our roll of missionaries than there were ten years ago.

Recall now what has happened during these ten years as related to the lives and labors of our missionaries. Think of the convulsion in China, the famines and plagues in India, the massacres in Turkey, not to mention other experiences which have borne with unwonted heaviness upon the powers, physical and spiritual, of those who have been growing old in this service. The places of the veterans who are holding on with rare heroism cannot be filled at once, even if new recruits should sail today. Years of experience are needed to make good the losses which must soon come as these overworked laborers fall at their posts.

With great deliberation we say that our missionary force is in peril, and to human view nothing can save it but a speedy re-enforcement. The nets are breaking. Fifty new missionary families are needed at once to place our missions in the condition in which they ought to be. This is a moderate estimate. The force is wholly inadequate to the undertaking in hand. To such straits are some of the missions brought that not infrequently the work of three men is put upon one. Here is what a hard pushed man on the field says in a recent letter:

I am not complaining. I am willing and glad to do everything possible. But how

must the work suffer! I am not afraid of breaking down, nor do I wish to spare myself, but I fear that my whole future usefulness in the mission will be impaired by this policy of scattering one's self over such a boundless area of activity with so little capital to carry it on. . . . There is not another business undertaking in America that would attempt to carry on its operations in that manner. The Church does not half realize the magnitude of the work and what would be possible now if she would only do, with the best possible equipment, the things she has begun.

Breaking nets in India, China, Japan, all over the Orient! When will the American church send sufficient succor to bring the net to land full of great fishes and the net itself not rent?

A Petition to End the Strike

Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden of Columbus, O., is sending out to the newspapers of the country a request that they publish the following petition to President Roosevelt. We have no doubt that President Roosevelt already has been deeply interested in the situation in Pennsylvania, with its far-reaching social upturning, proving anew the solidarity of humanity, and how a blow to the body social in one of its great industries affects the whole fabric of life. We doubt not, also, that if the strike continues and if a multitude of such petitions were to pour in on him, he would be induced to act even if he strained a point to do it. For he is urged to act not as an official but as a citizen.

To His Excellency, Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States:

We, whose names are underwritten, citizens of the United States, most earnestly ask you to use your good offices in bringing to an end the unhappy strife now prevailing in the coal regions.

Some of us are men and women who work with our hands; some of us are earning our livelihood in other ways; many of us are losers now by this conflict; all of us are appalled by the prospect of suffering before the country if it be not speedily terminated; and we feel that we have a right to call on you as our representative to see what you can do to make peace.

We do not ask you to use any official power in the matter, for you have none to use; we only ask you as the First Citizen of the nation to mediate between these contending parties.

You can speak as no one else can speak for the plain people of the country. Every working man knows that you are his friend; no capitalist of common sense can imagine that you are his enemy. The fact that others have spoken without effect does not shake our faith that your words of counsel and persuasion would be heeded.

We want no injustice done to either party in this conflict. We want no coercion to be used or threatened. Coercion is the game both sides are now playing; we want them to stop that and reason together. No question of this kind is ever settled rightly or finally by coercion.

We recognize the fact that you would hesitate to interpose, even in the interests of peace and good will, lest you should seem to be exceeding your prerogative. But if the voices of hundreds of thousands of your fellow-citizens should summon you to such a task you would not, we are persuaded, shrink from undertaking it.

This is not business, Mr. President; it is not politics; it is something much higher and finer. May God help you to render this great service to your country, and crown you with the blessing that belongs to the peacemakers!

One need not be as sanguine as Mr. Abram S. Hewitt as to his remedy for the strife between capital and labor in

Pennsylvania, to agree with him that if an ethical and less theological gospel had been preached more simply and thoroughly to Pennsylvanians, rich and poor, fortunate and unfortunate, the social conditions there today would have been far more hopeful than they are. He says:

If the same spirit of sacrifice which has sent our missionaries into every heathen land had been shown in the coal regions, and the same efforts had been made to establish and maintain the schoolhouse, the church, and, above all, the Sunday school; if the hospital for the sick and the comfortable refuge for the unfortunate had been carefully provided; if reading rooms and night schools and rational places of amusement had from the outset been maintained for a growing and restless population, the coal regions today might have been a paradise on earth, instead of a disgrace to civilization.

The implication of this is that if home missionary work had been carried on thoroughly by the Pennsylvania churches all would have been well. There are those to blame in this unfortunate strife who have had everything that church, school and home can furnish a man in the way of intelligence and moral instruction; and it may be, too, that the time has come for justice, not benevolence.

The Attraction of God's Presence

What is the best gift which the church has to offer the world—the attractive quality which will win men to its fellowship? It is not art, which is no longer exclusively the handmaid of worship. It is not eloquence, which at best is rare and is perhaps more common on the platform than in the pulpit. It is not gain—for the church is in the world and must ask its members for support. If it depended upon any of these attractions the church would have been dead and forgotten centuries ago.

Christian life, so far as it is genuine, is a manifestation of God. His spirit witnesses through men of the beauty of holiness. It is imperfect witness, for Christians are imperfect men, but in so far as it is genuine it is effective. God himself is the supreme attraction for those who are made in his image. Where he is known and manifested men will be drawn together as iron is drawn to the magnet.

The increase of machinery counts for little where abundance of power is wanting. Do we not often make the mistake of elaborating worship, enriching art, multiplying attractions, studying advertisements and forget the power of God's presence with his people? The life of the church is the indwelling of God in the hearts of his children, manifested to men in holy, cheerful, fraternal, helpful lives. Have we anything better than this to offer to the world? Is there anything which can take the place of this in mere diligent use of the many inventions of our modern church activity?

The church is attractive when men feel that God is with its members—meets with them in their worship, goes with them to their business, is invited to be a sharer of their pleasures. God, as of old, is revealed through man to man. There is no better way of revelation. The measure of our power with others is the measure of our clear transmission of the light that God has put within our spirits.

If we are Christians, the light is ours. The problem is to make our visible lives transparent mediums, free from all stains and spots of injustice, unkindness, selfishness and pride, that the light may shine through them for the attraction of the world.

In Brief

The flavor of foreign missions pervades a number of pages in this issue, and it may be used in many ways to supply missionary information and to kindle the missionary zeal. The average reader, even if he is not particularly inclined to literature of the sort, ought not to pass by these pages, for they will hold his attention if he only will give them a fair chance. The issue, also, is supplied with an abundance of story and sketchy material, and the editorial review of the week is exceptionally full and timely.

Rally Sunday, Sept. 28. Go to Sunday school!

"Character, courage and common sense" are the trinity which President Roosevelt has honored as the essential elements of a man who is fitted to be a citizen of a self-governing nation.

The New York city tragedy, revealing fiendish depths of lust and hatred, sheds a ray of light on the influences of heredity. The man who has confessed the crime is a grandson of Brigham Young.

If it be true as reported that messages were transmitted from Poldhu, Cornwall, Eng., to Spezia on the Mediterranean last week by the Marconi wireless system of news transmission, the success of the system is assured.

It would not be surprising if many a school and church were to be closed this winter for lack of fuel, and whether this happens or not, it is true that the running expenses of all churches in anthracite coal burning regions will be much increased.

Those parishioners of a minister near Boston who gave him enough tickets to attend the ministers' meeting every Monday for the next fifty weeks evidently wanted to do what they could to forestall the blue Monday feeling. It will be interesting to observe the effect of the remedy.

The people of Wisconsin, as events are shaping now, seem likely to get some light ere long on the ethical standards of the school-book publishers of the country, who have been interfering there as elsewhere with appointments of state officials responsible for supervision of educational matters.

The Record of the Week in our columns often offers suggestions as to the trend of the times. This week we record seventeen resignations of pastors. Six of these will spend a period in further study, one will go to his farm, one will rest six months for his health, one will labor in socialistic lines and one accepts a call to another church.

Theology seems to have new attractions this year. Princeton Seminary has enrolled thirty-seven more students than last year, Yale Divinity School expects an increase of thirty per cent., Andover gains twenty per cent., from sixteen to twenty, and other theological schools anticipate greater growth than they have known for several years.

Pacific Seminary has done a thoughtful thing in connection with its valuable courses of lectures, referred to in our seminary news, by Professors Starbuck of Stanford and Stratton of California universities. It scheduled them for the beginning of each week and issued special invitations to pastors within reach. Their eager response shows that the courtesy is appreciated.

The New York *Sun*, in one of its characteristic mook conservative, defender of the faith editorials, describes All Souls' Protestant Episcopal Church in that city as about to return to conservatism and conformity under Rev. S. D. McConnell, now that the latter clergyman has succeeded Rev. R. Heber Newton as rector of the church. How Dr. McConnell will smile as he reads this, he who is quite as "broad" as Rev. Heber Newton ever was, and a bit more pugnacious and vocal.

Seldom has the American Board commissioned in one year so many new recruits as this year. And aren't they a happy, courageous company of young men and women? We are sorry that we were not able to obtain the photographs of these four persons, to be used with the thirty-two others: Emily D. Smith, M. D., appointed to Foochow; Ella M. Arnoldi, to West Central Africa; Olive L. Hoyt, to Japan, and Miss Alice Gleason, a daughter of Rev. G. L. Gleason of Haverhill, Mass., who is located at Guadalajara, Mexico.

Any political machine, any bosses, any long-tenured conservative statesmen who fancy that the issue which President Roosevelt has forced to the front of the stage, where it will remain until something is done, is to be suppressed, may awake some fine morning soon and understand the truth of Bourke Cochran's saying that "as between the dynamic force of popular enthusiasm and the mere mechanical force of party machinery the result would be the same as the collision of an earthquake and a machine shop."

It appears that the conditions of a contract to convey land for building purposes to the Methodist Episcopal Church in Stratford, Ct., have been somewhat misrepresented in the newspapers. The seller of the land is not an atheist but a devout believer in God. He agrees to credit the church with \$220 toward payment for the land on condition that the pastor shall listen to him for eleven hours, at such convenient times as may be agreed on, "for the purpose of study and mutual investigation in questions of science and theology." In addition the church is to pay thirty dollars in cash for the land, which sum is to be used for a banquet. Many ministers are glad of opportunities to preach for twenty dollars an hour. This one is willing to listen on those terms while a layman does the preaching and pays the *honorarium*.

Think of a translation of the Scripture that is to make the Word of God intelligible to 300,000,000 people. And yet that will be the outcome of the revision now being made in China by the committee pictured on page 440. Amid all the diversities of dialects and pronunciation in China, it is believed that this version in Mandarin will be intelligible to two-thirds of the vast population of the great empire. The New Testament portion of this revision is nearly completed, and as soon as Drs. Goodrich and Mateer can return to China, after a much-needed rest in this country, the work upon the Old Testament will be resumed. It is interesting also to note that this is an interdenominational and interracial enterprise, China Inland missionaries like Stanley Smith, the famous Cambridge athlete, co-operating with American Board workers and their converts, Pastor Tsou and Teacher Chang, both splendid specimens of the Christian Chinaman.

The *Congregationalist* is planning to strengthen its pages devoted to a survey of current literature, with a view to keeping pace with the increasing demands upon a religious paper of its grade arising from the great interest in this country in books, authors and literary movements. One token of our intention appears this week in the columns headed Bookmen and Bookshops. The author of the chatty communication—the first of a number to follow—Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole,

is a prominent literary worker, well known alike in Boston and New York and possessing an unusually wide acquaintance among the makers of books. He was for many years the literary adviser of T. Y. Crowell & Co., and has recently been connected with the D. Appleton Co. He is a member of the Twentieth Century Club and the Authors' Club in Boston and of the Authors' Club and the Salamagundi Club in New York. Besides being literary editor of *Current History* he is just now engaged in revising the Young Folks' Library issued by Hall, Locke & Co., Boston. One of his specialties has been the translation of Russian books and he is one of the chief authorities in this country on the Persian poet, Omar Khayyám, having edited a standard edition of his writings.

Pencilings

BY A PERIPATETIC

No department of literature promises to be as fruitful in works of abiding value this season as the department of biography. Think of the treat that the preacher has before him with Drummond's life of James Martineau, Bishop Westcott's life by his son, Dr. Adamson's life of Joseph Parker, J. W. Chadwick's life of Channing, Lyman Abbott's life of Henry Ward Beecher, Theodore L. Cuyler's autobiography, the late Bishop Whipple's Reminiscences, and Edward Everett Hale's *Memories of a Hundred Years*. While for the student of politics and literature there are to be Morley's Gladstone, Paul Krueger's autobiography, Taine's *Life and Letters*, Van Tyne's *Letters of Daniel Webster*, Stopford Brooke's life of Robert Browning, Prof. George E. Woodberry's life of Nathaniel Hawthorne, T. W. Higginson's life of Longfellow, and Dillon's life of Gorky.

I talked last week with my old friend, Kojiro Matsukata of Kobe, Japan, who, after a course of thorough preparation in this country for the diplomatic service of Japan, has, nevertheless, with quite as pure patriotic motives, turned aside to develop the shipbuilding industry of the empire, backed by his father, Count Matsukata. I asked him for his impressions of this country as he visits it anew. Foremost is the increase of luxury which he sees, the added expense of living and travel, and the growth of the pernicious habit of "tipping." My friends who have summered in the White Mountains this year at some of the fashionable hotels descant on the same evil. It is one of the several customs imported from Europe which are causing degeneration of our life at the present time. "Tipping" not only makes the lot of the traveler of modest means unhappy, but it breaks down the morale of the servants, weakens their self-respect and causes the habit of fawning to arise where formerly there was deference coupled with self-respect.

I have consorted with the masses this summer at the great resorts which the Metropolitan Park Commission of Greater Boston has created at Revere, City Point and Nantasket. How few of the millions who during the season have found refreshment there know of or care for the man whose monument Boston's superb park system is—Charles Elliot, son of President Elliot of Harvard! Of the inestimable value of these breathing places—moral value, I mean—to the community the most obtuse cannot be blind, and for adults, for families taking their outings, and for a very large proportion of the single persons young and old who frequent them, they bring naught but good—physical and superphysical. But one cannot study them closely without being aware that to not a few they are places where evil is thought and done. It is the promiscuousness and vulgarity of much of the intercourse between youth of both sexes which

one sees at these resorts which gives you pain—and pause, and makes you wonder whether the vaunted liberty of conduct of children in many families is not close to the verge of license. You see so many folk of tender years at unseemly hours who should be under parental oversight, or in bed gaining strength from slumber for the toil of the coming day. Drunkenness you seldom see, but the effects of vice and immorality are writ large.

Overheard: "What do you think of Principal Fairbairn's last book?" "I begin to see that he is more of a rhetorician and less of a thinker than I formerly supposed; and as for some of his positions, they are based on presuppositions that no longer can be assumed." This latter point, by the way, is the final criticism of the book by Horatio W. Dresser in the September issue of *The Higher Law*. Mr. Dresser, more than any other man we know among the exponents of the New Thought movement, has informed himself as to the history of philosophy and as to its relations to theology, and his thorough study of philosophy under Royce, James and Palmer at Harvard, plus a fine religious and ethical spirit, makes him a decidedly interesting figure among the young teachers of idealism and religion who are at work in this country now, and who are unidentified with institutional religion even under its most liberal forms.

Peter McQueen and the President

Peter McQueen of Somerville, preacher, lecturer and traveler, knows how to cover a long distance in a short time, and though he left for his holiday only last July he is now back again, having in the meantime gone as far south as Caracas, the capital of Venezuela, visiting Cuba and the Panama Isthmus on the way. He unwittingly timed his visit to the latter point so that he was able to observe interesting phases of the recent agitation. Indeed, the train on which he was a passenger was held up by the rebels. Interesting as some of the aspects of the struggle were to a newspaper man, he nevertheless was not able to observe any great international significance in the affair, but considers such revolutions to be in the nature of *opéra bouffe*.

On the eve of departure south Mr. McQueen had an interview with President Roosevelt, lasting for an hour or more, and from him received certain credentials which greatly facilitated his investigations in Cuba and on the isthmus. The President had known of Mr. McQueen's wide travels through our new possessions and asked him on his return to report to him personally touching the results of this recent trip. When Mr. McQueen intimated that he had not always agreed with the policy of the Administration, the President responded to the effect that he did not care for that, but what he wanted was the courageous expression of honest opinion. "There are two kinds of people," he went on to say, "that come to see me. There are those who have courage without intelligence and those who have intelligence without courage. But what I seek is a union of both." While they were talking Theodore, Jr., appeared on the scene, and when he went out of the room his father said incidentally, although the remark fitted into the train of conversation, "A man who has a family wants to leave an honorable name." Mr. McQueen declares that he came away from this interview with President Roosevelt with more hope for humanity than he has received from any of his numerous interviews with public men. This is saying a good deal, inasmuch as he has had the privilege of personal conversation with the king of Greece, Tolstoi, the minister of the czar, President Palma of Cuba, and a number of United States senators, generals and admirals.

The Darker Side of the Outlook in China

By Rev. Arthur H. Smith, D. D.

There are four different points of view in the contemplation of Chinese affairs, each of which is important and all of which taken together furnish an all-around outlook. These are the court and its concomitants, the officials and their concomitants, foreign relations and the condition of the people.

In regard to the first we may say, as we have always said, and for aught that we can see may always have to say, that there is on the horizon no light whatever. The Empress Dowager may not, as supposed in 1900, be a she-panther, but she is certainly a wily old fox. She has played her game with audacity and with skill. Foreigners have played into her hands, partly for the reason that there was nothing else to do and partly in the hope, no doubt a visionary one, of forcing them. She has in many ways and on many occasions shown that she is "the emperor." Of course we knew that four years ago, but not as we know it now, when it has become a fixed habit to keep the real "emperor" in attendance at all "functions," great and small, and make him sit in a common chair in a side room, to be shown off incidentally after the grantees presented have had their imperial audience with her, seated on the throne in the great hall of state.

Some of her appointments are (apparently) good ones, and many are certainly bad ones, but only heaven knows why she makes them, nor what will come of it. Prominent (ex) Boxers are in high office, and are frequently promoted. Reformers sometimes appear to have a ray of light on their path, but as a rule they are snubbed, and live in great and permanent uncertainty of their fate. Contempt is thrown increasingly on the memory of the martyrs of 1900, not to say of those of the crisis of 1898, and the deadly miasmatic influence of the eunuchs penetrates everywhere. The fine phrases so often quoted in American journals from imperial decrees have a hollow ring like that of the coffin of the hopes of the past.

There are alliances and agreements and so on between different Powers and groups of Powers, and each keeps on saying to itself, to its fellows, as well as to its rivals, "Lo, all is well!" How do they know? They do not know, and cannot know. There is no reason to suppose that any widespread conspiracy exists to overturn the Manchus, to drive out foreigners or to do any other bold and spectacular act for the execution of which the Chinese lack the initiative and the cohesive-ness indispensable.

But it is not the less certain that the empire is honeycombed with discontent. On the north the Great Polar Bear, now that she has definitely withdrawn from Manchuria, is probably a greater danger by far than before. She leaves (or would leave if she were to go) the country in a condition of semi-anarchy. The Chinese cannot possibly reduce it to order within any reasonable time for any one of half a dozen reasons unnecessary to recapitulate. Russia has a sacred railway running through this land. It must be protected. The Chinese cannot guard it. Russia withdraws. Trouble ensues. Russia, with pleading voice, remonstrates and begs for that protection which she has done so much to render impossible. After a due dose of anarchy she is weepingly obliged to return, and my Manchurian soul "from out that shadow shall be lifted *nevermore*." Of course we understand that the die may fall on any one of six faces, but upon whichever one it for the moment reposes, the game is Russia's, not China's—certainly not that of the tardy and protesting alliance people, most of whom do not know exactly what they want except negatively. Russia knows to a *t*, and she means to have it. The remarks in the semi-

official Russian journals on the proposed British railway from Kalgan northwest show this conclusively. But prophecy and pyramid building are alike lost arts.

The Germans are pushing on their railway to the capital of Shantung. No one can foresee where a railway is to stop in its influence. It is in itself a wedge adapted, and is perhaps intended, to split the empire. Other lines are being pushed, and if once the ball were fully set in motion we should have prospective changes enough to stir a more sluggish people than the Chinese, whose passions have been deeply kindled. They are deeply kindled now. The incidence of the indemnity tax is heavy and unequal. Even foreigners perceive and lament its injustice and are ready to make tardy concessions. No one can tell what the effect is ultimately to be on maritime and inland taxation matters of vital importance to China and scarcely less so to her neighbors. The menace of the French Roman Catholic Protectorate has been often pointed out, but it is doubtful if any of us understand its real peril. A correspondent in the last copy of the leading journal of Shanghai remarks that the sub prefecture of T'ai Chou in the Chékiang province is as effectively under the papacy as England during the closing years of the fifteenth century, and he gives in detail his reasons for the statement. Complaints against the immense and the rapidly growing monopoly and tyranny of the Roman Catholic Church come in every journal from all parts of the empire in turn. This cannot go on indefinitely without a cataclysm.

During the year 1900 the remote but populous and important province of Sz-Ch'uan escaped the mania. Within a few weeks past it has been seized by it with all the familiar phenomena of that terrible time of stress—warnings unheeded, threats, a sudden attack on a chapel, the brutal murder of a fine old Methodist preacher, the pillaging of the dwellings of scores of Christians. This is followed by an imperial decree regretting the unfortunate incident and rebuking the perpetrators. How like two years and a half ago it all is! There are open threats here and there, as there were then, that all the foreigners will be swept away "next time." True enough it cannot be done, and it is not likely, so far as we can see, to be even attempted. But think of the golden opportunities wasted when effective guarantees were to be had, no longer available! Meanwhile, Tien-tsin, the last visible token of the invasion of China by the allies, is about to be given over—as it ought, according to agreements literally construed, to have been long ago. There will then remain for foreign protection the legation guards and the fortified walls of the legation area; the absence of Chinese forts between Peking and the sea and the smiles of the Empress Dowager.

The crop prospects are far from good in the empire considered as a whole. Rice has seldom been so dear for so long a time. There was a great drought in the winter and spring, which prevented planting at the right season. Some provinces, in Chinese style, prohibited export, entailing great misery both at home and abroad. The drought was general until well into the summer, and even now there are provinces from which rains are not yet reported, and where, as in Shansi, another in the endless succession of famines seems inevitable. The government never does anything to prevent them, and next to nothing to help the starving, yet these terrible and continental evils continually recur, like a repeating decimal at which no one is at all surprised. The energetic reform governor, Ts'en, has just held a solemn court in the temple of the T'ai Yuan Fu city-god, where he tried a millet stalk image of the Drought

Demon, which, clad in criminal red, was brought before him in chains by four soldiers. The demon was condemned, and the governor had him again dragged outside the west gate and executed! He himself went to the temple of the city god there to remain till rain arrives! If a liberal and an enlightened official acts like this, what may be expected from the less progressive and more conservative ones?

Almost all the magistrates, partly from old-time custom and partly from a felt necessity, make a practice of exacting from the people, under color of indemnity for the ocean men, far more than is required. This has become, and in the future will increasingly be felt, as an intolerable burden, making the name of the foreigner odious. To the other ills is now added such an epidemic of deadly cholera as has not been seen for forty years. It is spread impartially all over the empire, and the loss of life has been enormous. The price of grain is as high as in the famine year of 1878, and will not fall until the autumnal crop, still in some doubt, is assured. There is an actual famine in parts of Hunan, and sundry rebellions in various provinces, most of which may have only a local importance. At present "the outlook is dark, but the outlook is serene and unclouded."

Education

Beloit College and the First Congregational Church, Beloit, have secured as choirmaster, Prof. Abram R. Taylor, a distinguished pupil of Dudley Buck.

Reports from the Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., and Notre Dame University, Indiana, show unusually heavy matriculation at those leading Roman Catholic colleges.

Dartmouth has the largest entering class in its history. It is expected that the enrollment will exceed 250. Many improvements have recently been made, Sanborn Hall having been fitted throughout with hard wood floors. The new Hotel Wheelock, equipped with every modern convenience, is one of the finest in New England.

Princeton University opened last week with Pres. Woodrow Wilson executing the duties of his office. In his opening prayer and speech he showed his progressive conservatism. He looks upon the college as an ante-room of the world and contends that men should be trained therein to act as expert advisers for their fellowmen.

Dr. E. C. Griffith of Mt. Carroll, Ill., a graduate of Beloit College, has accepted the position of principal of the academy, and professor of history and political science in Yankton College. Dr. Griffith was three years principal of Warren Academy, Illinois, a tributary of Beloit, and has just completed three years of post graduate work in Oxford, Berlin, and Chicago University.

Among the good things which the recent Mead legacy has enabled the Education Society to do is the making of a grant to Fargo College of \$12,000 on endowment. It has also given \$3,000 for current expenses. This is a more generous gift than the society has been able to make for some years, and makes probable the success of a movement to raise \$40,000 before Jan. 1, to complete the \$150,000 to be raised by the college in order to make available Dr. Pearson's offer of \$150,000. Fargo College is doing a needed and noble work, and the Education Society by this act has given another illustration of its value as an auxiliary to the denomination.

Certain thoughts are prayers. There are moments when, whatever be the attitude of the body, the soul is on its knees. . . . What love begins can only be finished by God.—*Victor Hugo*.

Glengarry School Days; the Deepole*

The Second in a Series of Glengarry Sketches

BY RALPH CONNOR, AUTHOR OF BLACK ROCK AND SKY PILOT

Archibald Munro had a steady purpose in life—to play the man, and to allow no pain of his—and pain never left him long—to spoil his work, or to bring a shadow to the life of any other. And though he had his hard times, no one who could not read the lines about his mouth ever knew how hard they were.

It was this struggle for self-mastery that made him the man he was, and taught him the secrets of nobleness that he taught his pupils with their three "R's"; and this was the best of his work for the Twentieth School.

North and south in front of the school the road ran through the deep forest of great pines, with underbrush of balsam and spruce and silver birch; but from this main road ran little blazed paths that led to the farm clearings, where lay the children's homes. Here and there, set in their massive frames of dark green forest, lay the little farms, the tiny fenced fields surrounding the little log houses and barns. These were the homes of a people simple of heart and manners, but sturdy, clean living and clear thinking, with their brittle Highland courage toughened to endurance by their long fight with the forest, and with a self-respect born of victory over nature's grimmest of terrors.

A mile straight south of the school stood the manse, which was Hughie's home; two miles straight west Ranald lived; and Thomas Finch two miles north; while the other lads ought to have taken some of the little paths that branched east from the main road. But this evening, with one accord, the boys chose a path that led from the school-house clearing straight southwest through the forest.

What a path that was! Beaten smooth with the passing of many bare feet, it wound through the brush and round the big pines, past the haunts of squirrels, black, gray and red, past fox holes and woodchuck holes, under birds' nests and bee trees, and, best of all, it brought up at last at the Deep Hole, or "Deepole," as the boys called it.

There were many reasons why the boys should have gone straight home. They were expected home. There were cows to get up from the pasture and to milk, potatoes that needed hoeing, gardens to weed, not to speak of messages and the like. But these were also excellent reasons why the boys should unanimously choose the cool, smooth-beaten, sweet-scented shady path that wound and twisted through the trees and brush, but led straight to the Deepole. Besides, this was Friday night, it was hot, and they were tired out; the mere thought of the long walk home was intolerable. The Deepole was only two miles away, and "there was lots of time" for anything else. So, with wild whoops, they turned into the shady path and sped through the forest, the big boys in front, with Ranald easily leading—for there was no runner so swift and tireless in all the

countryside—and Hughie, with the small boys, panting behind.

On they went, a long, straggling, yelling line, down into the cedar swamp, splashing through the "Little Crick" and up again over the beech ridge, where, in the open woods, the path grew indistinct and was easy to lose; then again among the great pines, where the underbrush was so thick that you could not tell what might be just before, till they pulled up at the old Lumber Camp. The boys always paused at the ruins of the old Lumber Camp. A ruin is ever a place of mystery, but to the old Lumber Camp attached an awful dread, for behind it, in the thickest part of the underbrush, stood the cabin of Alan Gorrach.

Alan's was a name of terror among all the small children of the section. Mothers hushed their crying with, "Alan Gorrach will get you." Alan was a small man, short in the legs, but with long, swinging, sinewy arms. He had a gypsy face and tangled, long, black hair; and as he walked through the forest he might be heard talking to himself with wild gesticulations. He was an itinerant cooper by trade, and made for the farmers' wives their butter tubs and butter ladies, mincing bowls and coggies, and for the men, whipstalls, ax handles and the like. But in the boys' eyes he was guilty of a horrible iniquity. He was a dog-killer. His chief business was the doing away with dogs of ill repute in the country; vicious dogs, sheep-killing dogs, egg-sucking dogs, were committed to Alan's dread custody, and often he would be seen leading off his wretched victims to his den in the woods, whence they never returned. It was a current report that he ate them, too. No wonder the boys regarded him with horror mingled with fearful awe.

In broad day, upon the high road, the small boys would boldly fling taunts and stones at Alan, till he would pull out his long, sharp cooper's knife and make at them. But if they met him in the woods they would walk past in trembling and respectful silence, or slip off into hiding in the bush till he was out of sight.

It was always part of the program in the exploring of the Lumber Camp for the big boys to steal down the path to Alan's cabin and peer fearfully through the brush, and then come rushing back to the little boys in waiting in the clearing and crying in terror-stricken stage whispers, "He's coming! He's coming!" set off again through the bush like hunted deer, followed by the panting train of youngsters with their small hearts thumping hard against their ribs.

In a few minutes the pine woods, with its old Lumber Camp and Alan's fearsome cabin, were left behind; and then down along the flats where the big elms were and the tall ash trees and the alders, the flying, panting line sped on in a final dash, for they could smell the river. In a moment more they were at the Deepole.

O! that Deepole! Where the big creek took a great sweep around before it tore over the rapids and down into the gorge.

It was always in cool shade; the great fan topped elm trees hung far out over it and the alders and the willows edged its banks. How cool and clear the dark, brown waters looked! And how beautiful the golden mottling on their smooth, flowing surface, where the sun rained down through the over-spreading elm boughs! And the grassy sward, where the boys tore off their garments and whence they raced and plunged, was so green and firm and smooth under foot! And the music of the rapids down in the gorge, and the gurgle of the water where it sucked in under the jam of dead wood before it plunged into the boiling pool farther down! Not that the boys made note of all these delights accessory to the joys of the Deepole itself, but all these helped to weave the spell that the swimming-hole cast over them. Without the spreading elms, without the mottled, golden light upon the cool, deep waters and without the distant roar of the little rapid and the soft gurgle at the jam, the Deepole would still have been a place of purest delight, but I doubt if, without these, it would have stolen in among their day dreams in after years on hot, dusty, weary days, with power to waken in them a vague pain and longing for the sweet, cool woods and the clear, brown waters. O, for one plunge! To feel the hug of the waters, their soothing caress, their healing touch! These boys are men now, such as are on the hither side of the darker river, but not a man of them can think on a hot summer day of that cool, shaded, mottled Deepole without a longing in his heart and a lump in his throat.

The last quarter of a mile was always a dead race, for it was a point of distinction to be the first to plunge, and the last few seconds of the race were spent in the preliminaries of the disrobing. A single brace slipped off the shoulder, a flutter of a shirt over the head, a kick of the trousers, and whoop! plunge! "Hurrah! first in." The little boys always waited to admire the first series of plunges, for there were many series before the hour was over, and then they would go off to their own crossing, going through a similar performance on a small scale.

What an hour it was! What contests of swimming and diving! What water fights and mud fights! What careering of figures, stark naked, through the rushes and trees! What larks and pranks!

And then the little boys would dress. A simple process, but more difficult by far than the other, for the trousers would stick to the wet feet—no boy would dream of a towel, nor dare to be guilty of such a piece of "stuckupness"—and the shirt would get wrong-side-out, or would bundle round the neck, or would cling to the wet shoulders till they had to get on their knees almost to squirm into it. But that over, all was over. The brace, or if the buttons were still there, the braces were easily jerked up on the shoulders, and there you were. Coats, boots, and stock-

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ings were superfluous, collars and ties utterly despised.

Then the little ones would gather on the grassy bank to watch the big ones get out, which was a process worth watching.

"Well, I'm going out, boys," one would say.

"O, pshaw! let's have another plunge."

"All right. But it's the last, though."

Then a long stream of naked figures would scramble up the bank and rush for the last place. "First out, last in," was the rule, for the boys would much rather jump on some one else than be jumped on themselves. After the long line of naked figures had vanished into the boiling water, one would be seen quietly stealing out and up the bank kicking his feet clean as he stepped off the projecting root on to the grass, when, plunk! a mud ball caught him, and back he must come. It took them full two hours to escape clean from the water, and woe betide the boy last out. On all sides stood boys, little and big, with mud balls ready to fling, till, out of sheer pity, he would be allowed to come forth clean. Then, when all were dressed and blue and shivering—for two amphibious hours, even on a July day, make one blue—more games would begin, leapfrog, or tag, or jumping, or climbing trees, till they were warm enough to set out for home.

It was as the little ones were playing tag that Hughie came to grief. He was easily king of his company and led the game. Quick as a weasel, swift and wary, he was always the last to be caught. Around the trees, and out and in among the big boys he led the chase, much to Tom Finch's disgust, who had not forgotten the spelling-match incident. Not that he cared for the defeat, but he still felt the bite in the master's final words and he carried a grudge against the boy who had been the occasion of his humiliation.

"Keep off!" he cried, angrily, as Hughie swung himself round him. But Hughie paid no heed to Tom's growl, unless, indeed, to repeat his offense, with the result that, as he flew off, Tom caught him a kick that hastened his flight and laid him flat on his back amid the laughter of the boys.

"Tom," said Hughie, gravely and slowly, so that they all stood listening, "do you know what you kick like?"

The boys stood waiting.

"A h-e-i-p-h-e-r."

In a moment Tom had him by the neck, and after a cuff or two sent him flying, with a warning to keep to himself.

But Hughie, with a saucy answer, was off again on his game, circling as near Tom Finch as he dared, and being as exasperating as possible, till Tom looked as if he would like a chance to pay him off. The chance came, for Hughie, leading the "tag," came flying past Tom and toward the water. Hardly realizing what he was doing, Tom stuck out his foot and caught him flying past, and before any one knew how it had happened, poor Hughie shot far out into the Deepole, lighting fair on his stomach. There was a great shout of laughter, but in a moment every one was calling: "Swim, Hughie!" "Keep your hands down!" "Don't splash like that, you fool!" "Paddle underneath." But Hughie was far too excited or too stunned by his fall

to do anything but splash and sputter, and sink and rise again, only to sink once more. In a few moments the affair became serious.

The small boys began to cry and some of the bigger ones to undress, when there was a cry from the elm tree overhanging the water.

"Run out that board, Don. Quick!"

It was Ranald, who had been swinging up in the highest branches and had seen what had happened and was coming down from limb to limb like a squirrel! As he spoke, he dropped from the lowest limb into the water close to where Hughie was splashing wildly.

In an instant, as he rose to the surface, Hughie's arms went round his neck and pulled his head under water. But he was up again, and tugging at Hughie's hands he cried:

"Don't, Hughie! Let go! I'll pull you out. Let go!" But Hughie, half-insensible with terror and with the water he had gulped in, clung with a death-grip.

"Hughie!" gasped Ranald, "you'll drown us both. O, Hughie man, let me pull you out, can't you?"

Something in the tone caught Hughie's ear, and he loosed his hold, and Ranald, taking him under the chin, looked round for the board.

By this time Don Cameron was in the water and working the board slowly toward the gasping boys. But now a new danger threatened. The current had gradually carried them toward the log jam, under which the water sucked to the falls below. Once under the jam, no power on earth could save.

"Hurry up, Don!" called out Ranald, anxiously. Then, feeling Hughie beginning to clutch again, he added, cheerily: "It's all right. You'll get us." But his face was gray and his eyes were staring, for over his shoulder he could see the jam and he could feel the suck of the water on his legs.

"O, Ranald, you can't do it," sobbed Hughie. "Will I paddle underneath?"

"Yes, yes, paddle hard, Hughie," said Ranald, for the jam was just at his back.

But as he spoke, there was a cry, "Ranald, catch it!" Over the slippery logs of the jam came Tom Finch pushing out a plank.

"Catch it!" he cried. "I'll hold this end solid." And Ranald caught and held fast, and the boys on the bank gave a mighty shout. Soon Don came up with his board, and Tom, catching the end, hauled it up on the rolling logs.

"Hold steady there now!" cried Tom, lying at full length upon the logs; "we'll get you in a minute."

By this time the other boys had pulled a number of boards and planks out of the jam, and laying them across the logs made a kind of raft upon which the exhausted swimmers were gradually hauled, and then brought safe to shore.

"O, Ranald," said Tom, almost weeping, "I didn't mean to—I never thought—I'm awfully sorry."

"O, pshaw!" said Ranald, who was taking off Hughie's shirt preparatory to ringing it. "I know. Besides, it was you who pulled us out. You were doing your best, Don, of course, but we would have gone under the jam but for Tom."

For ten minutes the boys stood going over again the various incidents in the

recent dramatic scene, extolling the virtues of Ranald, Don and Thomas in turn, and imitating with screams of laughter Hughie's gulps and splashings, while he was fighting for his life. It was their way of expressing their emotions of gratitude and joy, for Hughie was dearly loved by all, though no one would have dared to manifest such weakness.

As they were separating, Hughie whispered to Ranald: "Come home with me, Ranald. I want you." And Ranald, looking down into the little white face, went. It would be many a day before he would get rid of the picture of the white face, with the staring black eyes, floating on the dark, brown water beside him, and that was why he went.

When they reached the path to the manse clearing Ranald and Hughie were alone. For some minutes Hughie followed Ranald in silence on a dog-trot, through the brule, dodging round stumps and roots and climbing over fallen trees, till they came to the pasture field.

"Hold on, Ranald," panted Hughie, putting on a spurt and coming up even with his leader.

"Are you warm enough?" asked Ranald, looking down at the little flushed face.

"You bet!"

"Are you dry?"

"Huh, huh."

"Indeed, you are not too dry," said Ranald, feeling his wet shirt and trousers, "and your mother will be wondering."

"I'll tell her," said Hughie, in a tone of exulting anticipation.

"What!" Ranald stood dead still.

"I'll tell her," replied Hughie. "She'll be awful glad. And she'll be awful thankful to you, Ranald."

Ranald looked at him in amazement.

"I think I will jist be going back now," he said at length. But Hughie seized him.

"O, Ranald, you must come with me."

He had pictured himself telling his mother of Ranald's exploit and covering his hero with glory. But this was the very thing that Ranald dreaded and hated and was bound to prevent.

"You will not be going to the Deepole again, I warrant you," Ranald said, with emphasis.

"Not go to the Deepole?"

"No, indeed. Your mother will put an end to that sort of thing."

"Mother! Why not?"

"She will not be wanting to have you drowned."

Hughie laughed scornfully. "You don't know my mother. She's not afraid of—of anything."

"But she will be telling your father."

This was a matter serious enough to give Hughie pause. His father might very likely forbid the Deepole.

"There is no need for telling," suggested Ranald. "And I will go in for a minute."

"Will you stay for supper?"

Ranald shook his head. The manse kitchen was a bright place, and to see the minister's wife and to hear her talk was to Ranald pure delight. But then, Hughie might tell and that would be too awful to bear. "Do, Ranald," pleaded Hughie. "I'll not tell."

"I am not so sure."

"Sure as death!"

Still Ranald hesitated. Hughie grew desperate.

"God may kill me on the spot!" he cried, using the most binding of all oaths known to the boys. This was satisfactory, and Ranald went.

But Hughie was not skilled in deceiving, and especially in deceiving his mother. They were great friends, and Hughie shared all his secrets with her and knew that they were safe, unless they ought to be told. And so when he caught sight of his mother waiting for him before the door, he left Ranald and, thrilling with the memory of the awful peril through which he had passed, rushed at her, and crying, "O, mother!" he flung himself into her arms. "I am so glad to see you again!"

"Why, Hughie, my boy, what's the matter?" said his mother, holding her arms tight about him. "And you are all wet! What is it?" But Hughie held her fast, struggling with himself.

"What is it?" she asked again, turning to Ranald.

"We were running pretty fast—and it is a hot day—and"—But the clear, gray-brown eyes were upon him, and Ranald found it difficult to go on.

"O, mother, you mustn't ask," cried Hughie; "I promised not to tell."

"Not to tell me, Hughie?" The surprise in the voice was quite too much for Hughie.

"O, mother, we did not want to frighten you—and—I promised."

"Then you must keep your promise. Come away in, my boy. Come in Ranald."

It was her boy's first secret from her. Ranald saw the look of pain in the sweet face, and could not endure it.

"It was just nothing, Mrs. Murray," he began.

"Did you promise too, Ranald?"

"No, that I did not. And there is nothing much to tell, only Hughie fell into the Deepole and the boys pulled him out!"

"O, mother!" exclaimed Hughie, "it was Ranald. He jumped right down from the tree right into the water, and kept me up. You told yourself, Ranald," he continued, delighted to be relieved of his promise; and on he went to give his mother, in his most picturesque style, a description of the whole scene, while Ranald stood miserable and ashamed.

"And Ranald was ashamed for me to tell you, and besides, he said you wouldn't let me go to the Deepole again. But you will, won't you, mother? And you won't tell father, will you?"

The mother stood listening, with face growing whiter and whiter, till he was done. Then she stooped down over the eager face for some moments, whispering, "My darling, my darling," and then coming to Ranald, she held her hand on his shoulder for a moment, while she said, in a voice bravely struggling to be calm: "God reward you, Ranald. God grant my boy may always have so good and brave a friend when he needs."

And from that day Ranald's life was different, for he had bound to him by a tie that nothing could ever break a friend whose influence followed him and steadied and lifted him up to greatness, long after the grave had hidden her.

Dreams Made Real

By Prof. J. Edgar M'Fayden

A theological professor who combines with rare scholarship the ability to feed by his writings the devotional life of the ordinary Christian is a man to be marked and used. We are consequently glad to print the following article and to encourage our readers to expect similar contributions from his pen in our columns. Dr. M'Fayden is of Scotch descent and is one of the younger professors in Knox College, Toronto. He has already won a reputation for his contributions to Biblical criticism. He is the author of *Messages of the Prophetic and Priestly Historians*, in the series edited by Professors Sanders and Kent, and he is soon to bring out a volume entitled, *In the Hour of Silence*.

Not many living men today know much about exile. Many indeed have left their own land for another; but they have left it, for the most part, of their own free will. They have not been driven away by stress of persecution or war. Now many of the psalms—and some, too, of the greatest—will be forever a sealed book until we learn to understand the exile's heart, with its wild regrets and its wilder hopes. The true citizens of Zion could never be happy in the Babylon to which they had been driven. The level monotony of its plains contrasted too sadly with the glorious hills of the home land to which in imagination they lifted up their eyes; the brilliance of its temples fell like a blight upon the hearts of men who yearned to stand within the courts of their Lord in Zion. So when the night of exile had passed, and the morning of redemption was breaking, there arose within those desolate hearts an overpowering gladness. "When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, like them that dream were we." Like men in a dream they crossed the weary desert that lay between them and home, the now glorious desert which had become the highway of their God. They reached the holy city and trod its ancient streets once more. They walked about it as in a dream—that dear city they had never thought to see again. Soon, indeed, they were to be met by more reverses and disappointment; but for the moment they could forget the sorrow that beset them behind and before, and abandon themselves to the joy of those who have come home again to the Father's house. The Lord had done great things for them, and they were glad. For very joy they could hardly believe their eyes. The reality was like a dream. They would move about from haunt to haunt, fearful lest they should break the spell; and then they would burst into a hymn of praise when they had assured their weary hearts that the dream was a living, throbbing fact.

Every man has his Babylon. In some kind of captivity we are all languishing—in the bondage of fear, of sorrow, of sin, or of death. The shackles are upon our soul, and the desert is between us and the land where we should be. Well is it for us if we allow the Lord to turn our captivity, and bring us back to Zion, and bless us with that dream which the world cannot give, and which nothing but our own doubt and infidelity can take away.

There is many a redemption in our

common life which dimly shadows forth the redemption that Christ is yearning to work upon our captive spirits. Worn with the stress of a long year's work, we leave it all behind us some summer day and go away to the hills or the fields where there is room. The soul expands into a new sense of liberty. The cares are forgotten. We feel our kinship with the great and primal things. Our spirits drink in the gladness and the redemption of it all, and the world about us seems as a dream.

Or it may be that our life has been crushed by the horror of some long suspense. We waited for a word, or a turning of circumstance, which seemed as if it would never come. At last the word was spoken or circumstance changed, and in a moment our world was transformed. It was all as fair as a dream. Surprise passed into a rapture of gratitude as we discovered that the dream was fact. After such a moment when startled by some sudden beneficence of God, we never can be altogether pessimists any more.

Now such redemption from care or suspense is but a prophecy of that larger redemption and that world of more glorious dream into which Christ will usher all who will let him. "When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, like them that dream were we." To the captive Jew, that Lord was the invisible God; to us, that Lord is Christ. When our Lord Christ turns any captivity of ours in which we have been languishing, then we too—stung by the splendor of the redemption which he can work—we too are like them that dream. Who has not been the bondsman of weariness—not the weariness of the body only, but that deeper weariness of the mind and heart? Tired of the shibboleths of party and sect, of the negations of criticism, of the perplexities of creed, of the conventional standards of society and church, seeking rest and finding none, believing in the dreamland, yet languishing in the captivities—such are some of us. Then some familiar word of Christ comes back upon us. "Come unto me, all ye that are weary, and I will give you rest." The old words light up with new meaning, tremble with new power. As in a flash we see that it is to him we are to come, not to party or sect, criticism or creed, society or church, but to his own dear self; and his yoke is easy, and his burden light. We are startled by the freedom which is ours in his service. When he turns again our captivity, we are like them that dream.

There is no captivity which he cannot turn. The deepest sin and the sharpest sorrow—it is all alike to him. He is the redeemer and he can redeem to the uttermost. We must, however, be willing to be redeemed. We must obey when he says, "Follow." But if with all our hearts we hate the sin which vexes him and turn with faith and penitence to him and follow on the track of his wounded feet, he will bring us into his own dreamland in which his father causes his sun to shine upon the erring and the broken-hearted. Pardon for sin and consolation

in sorrow—your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of these things.

There is another captivity to which few, if any, have been altogether strangers. There are some who through fear of death are all their lifetime subject to bondage; and some time or other every thoughtful man is captive to that fear. What is death? Who knows? Its mystery is perplexing; its possibilities are weird; its darkness is impenetrable. The rich man's voice could be heard across the awful gulf that separated him from Abraham, but not across that still more awful gulf that separated him from his brethren in this world; and no Lazarus ever came back to them with a grim tale upon his unsealed lips. The mystery of it all strikes fear into any but a reckless heart.

But in the fullness of the time there came One to deliver all those who through fear of death were all their lifetime sub-

ject to bondage. He met that dark and cruel power which has been the terror of millions. After his victory he passed into his shining house and he is now standing at the door, which is never shut day or night, to welcome all who have finished their course in faith. So death is none other than the gate of heaven. How strange and dreamlike it will seem to us when we are delivered not only from the fear of death, but from death itself, and find ourselves citizens in the heavenly city, walking about its streets, finding our lost ones, meeting the patient and mighty saints of all the generations, singing praise with the glorious company of the apostles and the noble army of martyrs, worshipping the God who loved us and gave his son to turn our captivity. Ah! surely, when the Lord thus turns the captivity of his careworn Zion we shall be like them that dream.

A Study of Wisconsin Congregationalism

By Rev. J. H. Chandler, Fond Du Lac

The Congregationalism of the Badger State has a quality all its own. For better or worse it is quite unlike the type which dominates in Chicago and Illinois, and is easily distinguished from that which flourishes eastward across Lake Michigan or westward beyond the Mississippi. A secretary of one of our societies who is remarkable for being a good listener at our state associations, as well as a good talker, first called my attention to the variant types of Congregationalism which grow side by side in these contiguous interior states, and it is natural to speculate as to the reasons for manifest differences.

Episcopal churches reflect the character of their bishops, and the churchmanship on the east and west banks of the upper Mississippi both in the Roman and Protestant Episcopal Churches is in striking contrast. In shaping Congregational churches no one influence counts for more than that which emanates from our colleges. The fact that Beloit has its roots in Yale (and is sometimes called the Yale of the West) accounts in part for the fact that Wisconsin reflects the Congregationalism of Connecticut rather than that of any other center of emigration or propagation. Its steady-going, even-tempered, open-minded form of churchmanship seems singularly safe alike from the perils of rationalism which have troubled Eastern New England and the extremes of enthusiasm which have found root in Ohio and become a potent but vanishing factor in Illinois and Minnesota.

An optical illustration of Connecticut influences in Wisconsin was given at the last state association, when the Yale Seminary alumni dinner called out more than one-fifth of all ministers present.

The theory may be questioned, but the fact remains that, barring the exceptions which prove the rule, Wisconsin Congregationalism is distinctly progressive in theology. There are conservatives, to be sure, but the conservative of Wisconsin would be a progressive in many other quarters. I doubt if advanced thought has secured the same right of way in any other Congregational state body. Judging by a formal and informal discussion which I heard at the Connecticut association two years ago, the new theology is better understood and appreciated in Wisconsin than in the immediate vicinity of New Haven.

The progressiveness of many Congregational churches in our state makes them sometimes an object of suspicion to other evangelical churches; but on the other hand, it so commends itself to the liberal element in the community that those who elsewhere would

form so-called liberal churches are content to abide in orthodoxy.

Such broad churchmanship has its dangers and in some cases Congregational liberty is manifestly abused; but on the whole what is elsewhere gained by the influence of the dominant authority of conservative orthodoxy is in Wisconsin more effectively attained by a sobering sense of personal responsibility for the truth which naturally goes with a consciousness of unusual freedom.

It follows, therefore, that, while our churches are characteristically progressive, there is a reasonable amount of corrective conservatism, not so much concentrated in a set of leaders as diffused throughout the whole body.

On the administrative side Wisconsin Congregationalism is unusually flexible and adaptive. Its shortcoming is an inability to give evangelism as prominent a place as it deserves; but it is unusually successful in sustaining the regular services of the church. The Sunday Evening Club, which originated at Appleton under Dr. John Faville, has made in many churches the second service the great gathering of the day. This has been done simply by an enlistment of workers not otherwise burdened and by a decided enrichment of the Sunday evening worship. After first experiments, the movement, when sustained, settled down to a cathedral service (even to the employment of boy choirs) adapted to a Congregational church. Some churches, notably Oshkosh, First, with Rev. E. H. Smith as pastor, have made great use of the lantern, and one church building erected in Berlin, under the leadership of Rev. C. A. Payne, has a feature unusual in church architecture, a lantern gallery over the front vestibule.

Perhaps the most peculiar feature of Wisconsin Congregationalism is its denominational aggressiveness. One thing which is "the matter with the average Congregational minister" (and like priest, like people) is that he is a very weak churchman. The warmest evangelical is quite as likely to be loose in his churchmanship as the confirmed latitudinarian. Wisconsin is fortunate in having had in Professor Blaisdell of Beloit, a great leader (a bishop in reality though not in name) who was a staunch churchman. He had the sociological point of view and his convictions were passions. His addresses were for many years the great event at the state associations and they were always charged *ad clerum*. His influence, along with the entrance to important places in our ministry of an unusual number of those who have come in from other denominations from

conviction that Congregationalism is the best form of church polity, accounts in part for our unusually aggressive type of churchmanship.

Denominational consolidation is a live issue in Wisconsin; interdenominational federation is regarded as a question for another generation. Meanwhile we must not only evangelize the world, but show the open door to Christians who need the liberty we are able to give.

Our leading laymen, as well as leading ministers, often come from other denominations because the old place is too strait for them. A deacon in one of our most prominent churches is the son of a Presbyterian minister. "I became a Congregationalist," he said, "because I wanted liberty to do my own thinking."

The head and front of lay activity in another church was a Methodist by every association of birth and training. He was instrumental in starting a Congregational church in his city at great personal expense, and his reason was, in his own words, this: "I regard the Congregational way in church government as more American."

These two men, with an enthusiasm in church life for the fullest expression of liberty and democracy, are really better Congregationalists than many to the manor born.

Christian News from Everywhere

The death of Rev. Dr. John Stebbins Lee, professor of church history at St. Lawrence University, Canton, N. Y., and the first president of that institution, founded and supported in the main by Universalists, removes from that denomination its oldest educator, he having served it in various offices for fifty-seven years.

Inspired by the activity of the Northern Presbyterians in concerted evangelistic work, the Baptists of the North have issued an appeal for a like generosity on the part of the Baptist laity in support of evangelism. Unless this is done the committee which make the appeal fear that many Baptist evangelists will be secured by the Presbyterians.

Of an estate of \$2,000,000 left by Miss Harriet S. Benson of Philadelphia, \$500,000 of it are to be given to religious and charitable institutions, and among the recipients is the American Board, which receives \$25,000 for special work in Africa. Miss Benson was a devoted member of the Reformed Episcopal Church, some of whose members are laboring under the auspices of the American Board.

Bishop Grafton of the diocese of Fond du Lac, Wis., in deciding on an issue raised in a Protestant Episcopal church in Sheboygan, rules that the rector holds his place for life unless he is proved to be immoral or heretical. This sounds much like the position of the Massachusetts courts with respect to the legal rights of clergymen in that state—a ruling which is inducing churches to request their pastors to sign contracts which provide for separation, either party giving notice at a time agreed upon in advance.

For two years the Contoocook Valley Christian Endeavor Union has held services at the Oak Park Fair, Greenfield, N. H., with marked success. Tent Endeavor stands among the other tents and booths and a cordial welcome is extended to all to freely use the tent for rest purposes. Outside is a platform from which at intervals during the day gospel talks are given by local pastors and others. Rev. W. F. Newton sings the gospel invitation, using a megaphone, which carries his voice to distant parts of the grounds. Tracts and "gospel arrows" are distributed. Last year a number of conversions were traced to the influence of these meetings. The managers of the fair heartily co-operated with the committee. Why not in every state go to the fairs and compel the people to listen to the glad tidings?

The Lands Afar for Christ

Interesting Present Day Aspects of the Foreign Missionary Movement

On this and the following pages we have brought together articles relating to the work of the American Board in different parts of the world. Together they constitute a notable and fairly comprehensive survey of the different phases of foreign missionary enterprise as it is being conducted today. Education, medical activities and industrial undertakings as tributaries to the great end of evangelizing the world are passed in review. The personnel of the accessions within the past year to the noble army already on the field is brought to view. Any one who reads these pages will gain a new respect for the strength and efficiency of Congregational forces engaged in carrying out the Master's last command.

A Forenoon's Work in a Mission Hospital

BY WILLIS C. NOBLE, M.D.

It had been a busy forenoon at the hospital for myself and my Chinese assistants. Morning prayers in both the men's and the women's wards followed by the examination of the ward patients, the filling of prescriptions and the dressing of wounds had all been attended to before the preparations for the day's surgical operations were fairly begun.

Five patients were scheduled for operation that forenoon and a glance at the accompanying illustration will show the cases operated on. Number 1 is an old man nearly seventy years old; he has been troubled with cataract for more than a year and has but a dim perception of sight. A neighbor in his village at some time had been a patient in the hospital, and had learned while there of a similar case which the doctor had operated on and, marvelous to tell, the man

who had been blind went away seeing. So he has come a distance of nearly fifty miles hoping for a similar blessing.

Number 2 is a bright little fellow of nine, whose father, standing behind him, has brought him to have a large stone removed from his bladder. Through the medium of the hospital this father has made his first contact with foreigners, and received his first impressions of the great, and to him mysterious, world outside. The "foreign devil," or barbarian, now has for him a distinct personality and is found not to be so bad as painted. He has been a constant attendant on chapel services, and his son has learned the catechism and has endeared himself to us by his sunny disposition and winning ways.

Number 3 is a lad of twelve, who while gathering horse refuse near one of the infantry barracks was shot through both knees by a soldier engaged in target practice. His parents are quite poor, as his occupation would indicate, and he is their only son, and the saving of his life, meaning so much to them, has made them warm friends and well wishers.

Number 4 is an old vegetable gardener living across the way from the hospital; he has a large carbuncle which he wishes us to remove. He has been well disposed toward us for several years, and has learned something of Christian truth.

Number 5 is a lad of sixteen and has a badly diseased bone in his left leg, which it will be necessary to resect. He has come a long distance, and this is also his first contact with foreigners and he has here first learned of the Christian doctrine.

While we have been busy with these different patients in the operating-room a woman has come with her son asking for admission to the hospital. She is more than sixty and presents a forlorn and dismal aspect in her dirty, ragged and travel-stained attire. She has traveled 100 miles on foot to reach the

ing the light and knowledge of that better and higher healing, which alone is found in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Industrial Work in the Marathi Mission

BY REV. ROBERT A. HUME, D. D., AHMED-NAGAR

Missionaries in India were the pioneers in work for the lower classes, in educational work of the highest grade for the highest classes, in work for women, in medical work, and now they are the pioneers in industrial work, to whom both the government and the people look for leadership; and this gives them a great position of advantage and influence in the community at large.

In Ahmed-nagar Mr. D. C. Churchill, who studied at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology has become leader of industrial training in mechanical lines, specially for famine boys. His specialty is developing a fly shuttle, which can be worked in hand looms or in power looms and which ought to do at least twice as much work as the old shuttle. He also has done some work in teaching the boys the weaving of tennis nets and other nets, and something in carpentry.

Mr. J. B. Knight, who studied in the Amherst Agricultural College, carries on a model farm. Mr. Smith's industrial school is training boys and girls in rug weaving, and boys to become masters in carpentry.

In Sholapur, Mr. Gates has a large army of famine children and Dr. Keskar has a large number of famine boys and girls and women. Here weaving and carpentry and farming are being taught by Mr. Gates and Dr. Keskar on practical lines; also the mission has asked for a lady superintendent to teach lace-making, who will teach intelligent girls that they may become teachers at different stations. In some missions in Southern India lace-making is quite an important industry. In Sirur, Mr. Winsor has a well equipped industrial school in which carpentry is carefully taught to a goodly number of boys.

In Bombay, there are some special advantages in teaching industries to boys in large furniture-making institutions of the city. A considerable number of boys in the care of Rev. E. S. Hume are being taught cabinet-making, for which they get good remuneration.



Hospital and Dispensary—patients and assistants. Miss Morrill seated in the doorway among the women patients; Mrs. Tu, the hospital Bible woman, at her left hand.

hospital, her son carrying what little bedding they possessed on his back. The poor woman has a necrosed lower jaw bone, necessitating a partial removal of the jaw. Operation was advised and she consented, saying, "I was told by one who had been here that the foreign doctor could cure me." It was this woman who, more than any other during many years of work, taught me the joy of service. After some six weeks in the hospital she was discharged cured.

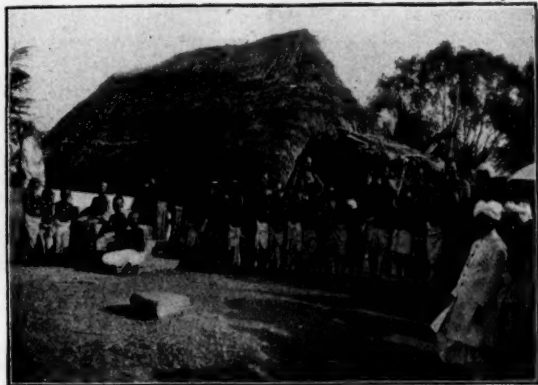
On going away she came to me and, after the usual Chinese parting salutations, drew from her sleeve a string of cash (twenty-five cents), which she said she wished to give to the hospital in aid of poor patients. With tear-dimmed eyes and choking voice the gift (a widow's mite) was accepted, while wonder filled our hearts as she told what the story of divine love had come to mean to her. All her life she had worshiped idols because she feared them, now she worshiped a God of love and prayed daily to him. All this and more she had learned since coming to the hospital. And as an earnest of her faith several months later she came again to present the hospital fund with a second string of cash and to give renewed thanks for the benefits she had received.

Thus does the mission hospital reach out into many homes and many communities, carrying physical healing in its hands and bring-

The Board's Two Thousand Schools

How Education Supplements and Buttresses Evangelization

BY REV. E. E. STRONG, D. D., EDITORIAL SECRETARY



Village School in Ceylon

It is affirmed that in the foreign missionary world there are now not far from 21,000 schools, of all grades, in which a Christian education is being given to over one million pupils. These pupils, in the large majority, were born in heathenism, and prior to coming into these Christian schools were brought up in idolatry or gross superstition. It is a great army thus kept under the influence of the gospel, for with few exceptions more time is given in them daily to Bible instruction than is given on the Lord's Day in Sunday schools in Christian lands. And let it be remembered that each one of these million scholars has relatives, parents, brothers, sisters or neighbors, daily observing with more or less interest the new life entering their community. This educational work of missions is vast and far-reaching.

This work is also fundamental. True, it is not the business of missionaries to make scholars but to make Christians. The great end is evangelization and conversion, not education. But Christian education is essential to accomplish this end. Individuals may be converted while in ignorance, but no community can be truly evangelized unless its members are able at least to read the Bible in their own language. Some missions have failed, but so far as is known none have failed, though the missionaries may have been driven away, where they have left the Bible with a people who can read it. Primary education, at least to the degree thus indicated, is essential to any permanence in missionary work.

But what of the higher education? Does that come under the province of a missionary society? Some have said no, but if not where are the preachers and teachers of the present and the future generations to come from? It would be the most short-sighted policy not to provide for the raising up of leaders in the native churches, who are essential to the maintenance of

self-supporting and self-propagating churches.

In fulfilling this duty in educational lines the American Board has under its care about 2,000 schools of all grades, from the kindergarten to the college and the theological seminary. Using round numbers it may be said that of the 62,000 under instruction 50,000 are in the lower grades, while 10,000 are in boarding schools, high schools, and in colleges, and in the seventeen theological schools. With this article two cuts appear represent-

ing the highest and lowest grades of school. The day school in Ceylon may stand for a multitude of similar schools where the building costs from \$20 to \$40, and the teachers' salaries vary from \$20 to \$60 a year. At the other extreme is Euphrates College in Turkey, which has primary, intermediate and collegiate departments, with a total this year of 1,037 pupils, a little more than half of them males, and 100 of them in the higher classes of the college. This college is in a region where fifty years ago no woman could read. Yet during the last year into its college treasury, for board and tuition, there was paid no less than \$5,457.

This college may be taken as a representative of a dozen others connected with the American Board, a few of them having endowments equal in some cases to the sum needed for the foundation of a single professorship in an American university. As illustrating the work they all do, the following, concerning the Central Turkey College at Aintab, may be quoted from a statement of President Fuller:

"With all the adverse conditions it has had to contend with, the Central Turkey College in the twenty-five years of its existence has established for itself the right to exist, has

secured from the government valuable rights and privileges, has acquired a wide reputation among people of all nationalities, has given practical training to more than 1,000 students, and has sent out 240 graduates, of whom thirty are preachers, fifty-one are teachers and forty-three physicians. It has secured buildings, apparatus and real estate worth \$40,000, and has invested funds amounting to \$60,000. Of this \$7,000 has been contributed by native Christians and \$50,000 by friends in England and Switzerland. Great encouragement and aid have been given in the establishment of a system of graded schools for Christian communities, in which the high schools are now preparing students for the college course. It is at the present time practically supplying the country naturally falling under its influence with preachers, male teachers, physicians and engineers. It has established a standard of Christian education which cannot fail to have a powerful effect on the public sentiment of the land and, more than all, has brought forward an able body of men who as professors, college managers, givers and patrons of the institution are actively and zealously engaged in planning and providing for its further development, recognizing it, as they always have, as one of the most powerful agencies in promoting the kingdom of God."

The school is the machine for doing Christian work. It enables the missionary to impress his personality and the personality of Christ most effectively upon those about him; and yet if instead of giving your missionary this effective machine, you should insist on sending out man after man without any such advantage, I think we would have to pronounce it stupidity. Because of the schools your single missionary becomes ten, twenty and a hundred missionaries; hence the school is cheaper in the end and much more rapid than it would be to send perhaps a dozen men. It is a great necessity today in Turkey, and it is a great engine for doing economically and rapidly the work to be accomplished.—Rev. Henry K. Wingate, Cesarea, Turkey.



Euphrates College, Harpoot, Eastern Turkey

Missionary Recruits of the Year

We are glad to give on these pages the photo-engravings of nearly all the new missionaries sent forth by the American Board since its last annual meeting. The whole number is thirty-six. Of these there have gone to China twelve; to India five; to Japan four; to Africa five; to Turkey six; to Mexico one; to Micronesia two; to the Philippines one.



EDWARD HUNTINGTON SMITH

Rev. Edward H. Smith came from Norwich, Ct., and is a graduate of Amherst College (1898) and Hartford Theological Seminary (1901). His preparatory studies were pursued in the Norwich Free Academy.



MRS. EDWARD H. SMITH

Mrs. Smith, whose maiden name was Grace Thomas, had her home in Holbrook, Mass. Nov. 16, 1901, she sailed with her husband for China, where they have found a delightful home at Ing-hok, some forty miles from Foochow city.



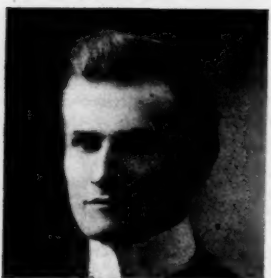
JAMES H. MCCANN

Mr. McCann was born in Ireland, but lived subsequently in California. On the cordial invitation of the North China Mission he was appointed treasurer and business agent of the mission, with location at Tientsin.



MRS. NETTA K. MCCANN

Mrs. McCann was already with her husband in China when they received appointment in connection with the American Board, they having gone there for independent mission work allied with a business enterprise.



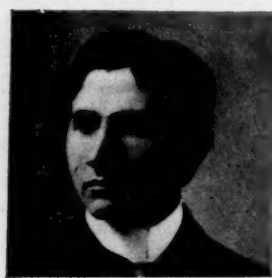
JOHN J. BANNINGA

Mr. Banninga came to the American Board from the Reformed Church in America, having taken his theological course at its Western Seminary, after graduation from Hope College, in Michigan.



MRS. MARY S. BANNINGA

Mrs. Banninga was a member of the Reformed Church in America. They sailed for India Oct. 19, 1901, destined for the Madura Mission, and are now engaged in the study of the Tamil language.



LEWIS HODOUS

Mr. Hodous was born in Bohemia, but came to America when only ten years of age. Trained in the Bohemian church of Cleveland, O., he afterwards graduated at Adelbert College and Hartford Theological Seminary.



MR. ANNA HODOUS

Mrs. Hodous was a Bohemian by birth, and graduated from Oberlin College in 1897. Mr. and Mrs. Hodous sailed for China Nov. 16, 1901, and are stationed at Foochow suburbs. Thus Bohemia comes to the relief of China.



MERRILL A. PEACOCK

Mr. Peacock of Phoenix, N. Y., graduated from Oberlin College in 1897, has been engaged in business in Cincinnati and now goes to be the business agent of the Marathi Mission, with location probably at Bombay.



MRS. M. A. PEACOCK

Mrs. Peacock (Miss Nellie L. Presler) was born in Oberlin, where she received her education in the public schools and the college. Her home has been in Cincinnati, and prior to her marriage she was engaged in teaching for three years.



ELIZABETH B. CAMPBELL

Miss Campbell of Duntroon, Ont., responded to an urgent call from West Central Africa, and two weeks after receiving her appointment sailed, July 16, for her field of labor, where re-enforcements are needed.



SUSAN W. ORVIS

Miss Susan W. Orvis also goes to Cesarea, to be associated with Miss Dwight in the Talas Girls' School. Miss Orvis was born in Dubuque, Io., and pursued her studies at Iowa College, and since then has taught at Charleston, Ill.



DIADEM BELL

Miss Bell is a native of Milton, N. S. After some years of teaching she has joined the West Central African Mission, to be located at Chisamba, the station of that mission which is especially allied with the Canadian Board.



ADELAIDE S. DWIGHT

Miss Dwight is a daughter of Rev. Henry O. Dwight, LL. D., long a missionary in Turkey, where she was born in 1878. She graduated from Smith College in 1900, and goes to Cesarea to the Talas Girls' School.



HARRIET L. OSBORNE

Miss Osborne, born in Bath, N. Y., was for many years a successful teacher in Poughkeepsie, a position she gladly resigned that she might go to China, where she will be located at Pagoda Anchorage in the Foochow Mission.



EVELYN M. WORTHLEY

Miss Worthley was intimately associated with Miss Osborne as a teacher at Poughkeepsie, though born in Brunswick, Me. Together they sailed for China Nov. 23, 1901, being designated to the Foochow Mission.



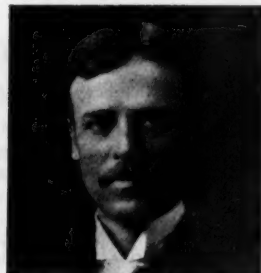
ARTHUR C. LOGAN

Mr. Logan is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Logan, well remembered from their connection with the Micronesian Mission, and his first recollections are of that island world. He is glad to take up the work of his parents and is now on Guam, the new station of the American Board in Micronesia, where work is opening well.



MRS. ALICE F. LOGAN

Mrs. Logan is a daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Francis M. Price of Guam, and is now associated with her parents in Christian work on that island. She was also with her parents when they were missionaries in Shansi, China, some years ago. She was born in Oberlin, O., and educated in the schools there, subsequently studying at Northfield.



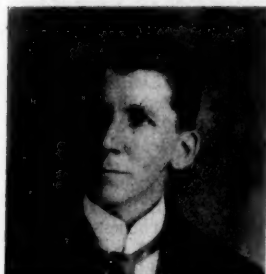
MORTON DEXTER DUNNING

Mr. Dunning is a son of Rev. Dr. A. E. Dunning of *The Congregationalist* and was born in Roxbury, Mass., a graduate of Amherst College, 1896, and Hartford Theological Seminary, 1899. After a pastorate in Forest Grove, Ore., he offered himself to the American Board and was sent to Japan, and he is now located at Kyoto.



MRS. M. D. DUNNING

Mrs. Dunning is a daughter of Deacon Samuel Ward of Newton Center, Mass., and a graduate of Smith College in the class of 1898. She was unable to go with her husband to his station at Kyoto, Japan, but expects to leave early next month with her son, now about sixteen months old, and to reach Japan in November.



FRANCIS F. TUCKER, M.D.

Dr. Tucker was born in Natick, Mass., but has lived in the West, graduating from the University of Nebraska in 1894 and from Rush Medical College, Chicago. He has been a teacher in physical science and now goes to Paoingfu, North China, for direct medical missionary work. A hospital at that station will claim his first attention.



EMMA BOOSE TUCKER

Mrs. Tucker, whose maiden name was Emma Boose, is from Fall City, Neb., and graduated from the Northwestern University Woman's Medical School in 1901. She will assist in the medical missionary work at Paoingfu, taking up a part of the work laid down by Miss Mary Morrill on her martyrdom in the summer of 1900.



C. C. FULLER

The East Central African Mission rejoices in the coming of Mr. Fuller, who was born in Ohio, and after taking the course in Hiram College, engaged in civil engineering, part of the time on the Northern Pacific Railroad. He has the preparation needed to fit him to be a leader in industrial training, a department of importance among Africans.



MRS. JULIA R. FULLER

Mrs. Fuller is to be specially connected with the industrial work of the East Central African Mission. Mrs. Fuller's maiden name was Julia B. McKee. She is the daughter of a clergyman and a graduate of Lake Forest College. Mrs. Fuller's attractive personality and her cheery outlook on life fit her for work on the dark continent.



LEROY F. OSTRANDER

Mr. Ostrander and wife are the recruits of the year for European Turkey. Mr. Ostrander was born in Dubuque, Io. Graduating from Hamilton College in 1894, he spent three years as tutor in Robert College, Constantinople, and then returned to America to take his theological course at Auburn Seminary, New York.



MARY H. OSTRANDER

Mrs. Ostrander was born at Lyons, N. Y., and after finishing her academic studies took a course in the Kindergarten Training School of Chicago. They sailed for Turkey Dec. 4, 1901, and are to be located at Samokov. Mr. Ostrander's previous experience in Turkey as instructor in Robert College, will be valuable to him now.



HENRY H. RIGGS

Mr. Riggs is a son of Rev. Dr. Edward Riggs of Marsovan, and was born in Turkey. A graduate of Carleton College, Minnesota, in 1896 and of Auburn Theological Seminary in 1902, he goes to Caesarea in Western Turkey, where he will doubtless do further honor to a name already conspicuous in missionary annals.



MARY W. RIGGS

Miss Riggs is a sister of Rev. Henry Riggs and is the fourth child of Dr. and Mrs. Edward Riggs, and the ninth descendant of Dr. Elias Riggs, to enter upon mission work in connection with the American Board. Born in Turkey, she graduated from Elmira College, New York, in 1897, and now goes back to Turkey to be located at Adabazar.



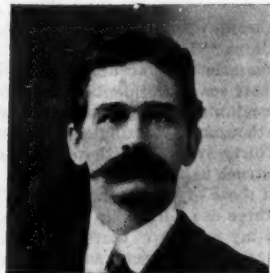
BERTHA P. REED

Miss Bertha P. Reed is a graduate of Cornell University. She goes to Paoingfu, North China, to take the place made vacant by the death of Miss Gould. She will be supported by the Maine Branch of the Woman's Board, with which Miss Gould was connected while on the field, and which still holds her in tender memory.



HENRY J. BENNETT

Mr. Bennett was born in Nashville, Tenn. After his studies at Fisk University and Phillips Academy, Andover, he graduated from Harvard College in 1898 and from Andover Seminary in 1901. Assigned to the Japan Mission, his location is at Tottori, on the northern side of the great island, to be associated with Mr. Bartlett.



ROBERT FRANKLIN BLACK

Mr. Black of Yonkers, N. Y., was born at Washington, Ct., graduating from Redfield College in 1898, and from Union Theological Seminary in 1902. Under special arrangements for his support he goes as the first missionary of the American Board to the Philippine Islands. It is probable that the first station will be on the island of Mindanao.



LESTER H. BEALS

Dr. Beals graduated from both the arts and the medical departments of the University of Michigan, having been born at Grand Blanc, Mich., in 1873. Under the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A. he spent three years as director of physical culture at Madras, India, and he has now returned to be a medical missionary in connection with the Marathi Mission.

Mission Work in China—Does It Pay

By Rev. Chauncey Goodrich, D. D., Tung-Cho, North China

Thirty-seven years ago on the 18th of last August, Mr. Wade of the British Legation in Peking (now Sir Thomas Wade) called on the young missionary just arrived at the capital. All the conversation of that first meeting has long ago passed through my mental sieve, save only two sentences. Mr. Wade said, "If I had a million dollars, I would not give one to the work of preaching to the Chinese." What a welcome for a new missionary! However, I presently gathered myself together, and replied, "If you are right, I will start tomorrow for America." But who was right, the experienced and astute diplomat, or the young and enthusiastic missionary?

The attempt to Christianize such a fossilized mass of crass ignorance and colossal pride perhaps does seem to many absurdly quixotic. Think of China's deep distrust of Western nations, begotten by half a century of hard experience, from the infamous opium war to the last grab for territory. Think also of the bad feeling engendered through outrages inflicted by foreign soldiers; through exorbitant claims and autocratic demands (chiefly made by Roman Catholics, and doing the cause of missions untold harm); and through the piratical methods of Chinese officials, who fatten themselves through their unrighteous spoils. All these things render it difficult to be sanguinely optimistic. And then the Janus-faced Empress Dowager, horrid and lovely by turns, often filled with fear, and still more filled with ambition, with a small coterie of men about her-headed by the "sham eunuch," Li Lien Ying—struggling to push back the rising sun below the horizon, and to keep her chariot pretty nearly in the old ruts! And to crown all the cataclysm of 1900, with its horrors and its trail of subsequent events! Is it easy to think that China is really swinging toward the light? After all, is not the curve of her arc that of a parabola?

To such a pessimistic view, is it sufficient to reply that it is the genius of Christianity to be always attempting the impossible, the meanwhile accepting the magnificent promises of the Bible at their face value, and obeying the commands of her divine Leader with a glad enthusiasm?

May I be pardoned if I write a few words of how mission work *pays*, even in China? I look back with a feeling akin to amazement on the work accomplished in the short span of my own missionary life. At the beginning of that period there were about two thousand Protestant Christians in China. Thirty-five years later, when the Boxer sirocco struck us, there were a hundred thousand, and these of a much higher type than those of three decades earlier. At the beginning of my missionary life there was a slight fringe of the gospel on bits of the southern and eastern borders of China, and all the rest was as black as Africa. Today, in every province of China—from beyond the Great Wall to Canton, and from the borders of Tibet to the Yellow Sea—the glad evangel is daily preached. And native preachers must now outnumber

the whole body of Christian converts as it was when I first studied the strange characters on the tea chests.

There has been a correspondingly large advance in Christian schools. Witness a score of Christian colleges and theological seminaries, not to mention a multitude of other schools of different grades. Let it not be forgotten that schools have precisely the same kind of leavening power in China as in England and America. I am impressed with the large amount of literary work done in these three and a half decades; in the preparing of tracts, hymn-books, school-books, other books for circulation among the millions, and in Bible translation. The present results cannot be tabulated, though they are widely manifest. And they will enter as inspiring forces into the making of the new China.

Other changes have been scarcely less marvelous. It almost passes belief that the trains of three lines of railroads—including the short line to Tung-cho—daily enter the

borrow from the Occident. Also that steam and electricity are good servants for China. And in her declarations of good will for Western nations, there may be ten per cent. of truth.

It is a remarkable fact that the emperor is still alive, and who can tell but he may soon be again on the throne? For this thousands are daily praying and longing. The truth may soon appear to the Dowager herself, and to others near the throne, that the reinstating of the emperor is the only method of gaining the south of China and saving the Manchu dynasty. With the emperor once more in power and surrounded by able advisers great changes will soon take place, and the new China spring up rapidly out of the old.

Another element of hope for China is that she has quite a body of young and middle-aged men who have caught the spirit of reform and who are filled with patriotism. There is an influential band of these men—a hundred or more—in Shanghai. At one of

their meetings I heard eloquent pleadings for China's regeneration. At Yokohama I met one of their reformers, a man of splendid ability and courage, who from his place of exile is publishing a paper, writing books, and pouring new ideas into China.

In San Francisco I met a small but choice company of Chinamen, with the president of the reform movement at their head. They were men to be proud of anywhere. And they were filled with distress, and yet with hope for China. Such men may be found everywhere in China, even in the capital. The spirit of reform is in the air and is gathering momentum, preparing for another *coup*

d'état which will come ere long. But the great hope for China is still and always the gospel, which was never listened to with such attention by so many hearers, nor was it ever received with more gladness than now.

One word more. I do not fear for the success of Christian work in China. I fear only that the Church will fail to have her reserves ready to seize the grand opportunity which is coming soon. We want ten new men at once in the North China Mission.

The Picture Above

This group of missionaries and native laborers in China was photographed on the steps of the Missionary Sanitarium at Chefoo, where the committee having charge of the revision of the Scriptures in Mandarin were assembled. Upon this committee are Rev. Dr. C. M. Mateer of the Presbyterian Board, Rev. Dr. Chauncey Goodrich of the American Board, and Rev. F. M. Baller of the China Inland Mission. Sitting in the front row, beginning at the left, are Teacher Lin, Miss Wood, Dr. YH (Chinese), Rev. Chauncey Goodrich, Miss Morris.

In the second row (sitting), Mrs. Ada Haven Mateer, Rev. C. W. Mateer, D. D., Mrs. Stooke, Mr. Stooke, Mrs. Stanley Smith. Those standing in the rear are China Inland missionaries, Mr. Stanley Smith being at the right and Rev. F. M. Baller in front of the window. The two Chinese standing and flanking the group are, on the left, Pastor Tsou; on the right, Teacher Chang.



A conference of the workers of the North China Mission

The Home and Its Outlook

An Autumn Thanksgiving

When beechen leaves are brown,
And barberries bright as coral,
Let us forget the frown
Of fate, and the longed-for laurel.

Come where the maples burn
In crimson and golden glory,
That Earth may hold in her urn
The ashes of summer's story.

Faithless the birds depart
With musical chirp and twitter,
And Nature folds to her heart
Alike the sweet and the bitter.

Then sing in autumn's praise,
Nor shrink from the colder comer;
The joy of these shining days
Is deep as the bliss of summer.

Winter in graves of snow
May bury, but hide them never,
For safe in our hearts shall glow
The light they have brought forever.

The woods, the hills rejoice,
Each leaf a mute thanksgiving;
We sing with grateful voice
The pure delight of living.

—Elizabeth Roberts Macdonald.

Prevention of Cruelty to Milkweed

BY ZEPHINE HUMPHREY

Nancy sat on a footstool before the fire, looking at a great bunch of milkweed in the corner. Her older sister, Ethel, had brought it in not more than an hour ago, and, stalk by stalk, had thrust it into the big bronze jar, standing back to survey the effect, with her head on one side. It was decorative, Ethel said.

Nancy did not know what that meant, but she knew it was pretty. She had watched it growing all summer down the road, on the edge of the meadow. Two nights ago there had been a frost, and pop! the brown pods had burst open, disclosing a glistening, silky white softness, which might be the stuff of which angels' wings are made, or bits of imprisoned moonlight, or anything wonderful and mysterious. Nancy had not picked the milkweed. She had not thought of such a thing. That was probably because she was not grown up, and did not understand dec—dec,—what was it? Never mind.

After Ethel had drawn off her gloves and gone upstairs, Uncle James sauntered into the room. He, too, admired the milkweed. He sat down beside Nancy in an armchair and asked her if she understood it. Uncle James was a very wise man. Now, of course, Nancy did not understand it. She was only just beginning to learn that there was such a function as understanding, and by reason of it the universe was daily growing more mysterious to her. But she opened her eyes very wide, and listened intently while Uncle James took a pod of the milkweed carefully in his hand and showed her how each of the silky white plumes acted as sail to a brown seed, and bore it away when the wind blew to lodge in the ground somewhere, and, if the sun and the rain were favorable, to

grow up next year into a fine, tall milkweed stalk of its own, with a pod and more seeds inside.

That was a wonderful story. Nancy held her breath, and thought how much better it was than moonlight or angels' wings. It gave such a new meaning to the life of milkweed stalks. Of course they wanted to be brave and patient, and grow very carefully, when they had such an end in view.

Uncle James sauntered out of the room again by and by, smiling complacently. He did love to instruct little girls. Then Nancy sat alone upon her footstool, and looked at the milkweed stalks. They seemed to her very dignified now. She felt a respect for them. Thinking back along the line of their ancestors she reflected how every one had been born and grown up with one purpose, to establish the lives of the other milkweeds intrusted to it. Why, that was glorious! And what a widespread, ancient family it must be, reaching back to the time of the flood, perhaps, or even to the Pilgrim Fathers (the flood seemed a nearer event, because of its daily representation by the Noah's ark in the nursery).

Suddenly Nancy's face grew very grave. These milkweed pods here before her, these special milkweed pods, how did the case stand with them? They had come down out of the far, far past, bearing with them the family traditions, living to fulfill, in their turn, the family purpose; and, just when they seemed on the point of triumphant success, they had been picked by a young lady who thought them dec—something, and carried into the house. Now let the kindly wind blow as loudly as ever he might, not one of the white plumes should stir. Or if, by chance, some one of them freed itself, and floated off across the room in a vain search for earth, Bridget, the maid, would seize it and drop it into the scrap basket. It seemed to Nancy the most tragic of all disasters.

Rising softly, she tip-toed out into the hall and looked about her. No one was there. Creeping back into the library, then, she gathered the milkweed into her arms and opened the front door. A gust of wind came and blew clouds of the white plumes backwards over the house. What a pity! She had wanted to save them all.

Once out in the garden, however, her charity had full vent. Holding the milkweed stalks high above her head, she shook, and shook, and shook. It was better than a snowstorm, better than a blossoming apple tree on a windy day. All about her the white plumes went flying, careering, catching the sunlight on their fine, silky threads, surrounding her, shutting her in. It was as if she stood in the center of a wonderful, white, shining cloud. It dazzled, exalted her. She felt a little like deity, itself, giving freedom to so many lives. She shouted and sang as she shook.

"Mercy on us, Miss!" cried Thomas, the gardener, bearing down upon her. "Milkweed all over my garden! Stop, Miss Nancy, stop!"

But Nancy stood away from him,

sternly. "Let me alone, Thomas," she said.

Then Uncle James rushed out of the house. She hailed him joyously. "I've saved them, Uncle James," she called, "Thank you for telling me."

Uncle James stopped suddenly, and seemed to change his mind about something he was going to say. He laughed instead of saying anything at all.

Nancy shook the last plume from her pods, and ran into the house, triumphant. There she found Ethel and Bridget making a great to-do with brooms and dusters.

"You bad child, look at this house," cried Ethel. "And I'd like to know why you had to go and spoil my beautiful decoration. You're a meddlesome, bad little girl."

Nancy went upstairs to her bedroom, slowly. She was hurt and perplexed. She had never had a more exalted sense of doing right in all her life, yet here was Ethel scolding her. And out in the garden she could see Thomas walking about with a rake, scowling fiercely. Well, it was all very puzzling, this world in which people and milkweed lived side by side. Who could tell where the right might lie? Nancy leaned her head against the window and looked out thoughtfully. A milkweed seed went sailing by, with all its fine threads set to catch the breeze. It was making for the mountain rising dark behind the house. At the sight of it, Nancy's face lighted up suddenly with all its former exultation.

"Good-bye, good-bye," she called, leaning far out of the window, "I hope you'll be very happy."

And the milkweed seed, turning lightly, seemed to answer, "Thank you."

The Menagerie

BY ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

Oh, look at my Menagerie
And see the funny things!
They are the wildest animals
With horns and tails and wings.

The beetle is a 'Noceros,
This bug's a Buffalo,
I call the mole my Elephant
Because he's big and slow.

The spotted yellow lady-bug
A lovely Leopard makes,
This monster fish-worm is a Boa,
These caterpillars, Snakes.

The grasshopper's a Kangaroo—
(You know they both can jump),
The snail's a Camel, for his shell
Is just a truly hump.

I dared to catch a bumble-bee
And keep him in a cage
Of morning-glory; he's a Lion,
Just hear him roar and rage!

The lizard is a 'Eotamus,
The hop-toad is a Bear;
Oh, look at my Menagerie,
But not too near—take care!

No woman was quite perfection to him
who could not wipe a dish.—Alice Brown,
in Margaret Warrenner.

Closet and Altar

OLD AGE

They that are planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God. They shall still bring forth fruit in old age.

Who is there who dares to say that when old age is reached there is not as much laid by in that soul wrapped in its weary body as there was in the infant full of latent power? We know not where the infant's forces come from, nor where the dying man's energy goes to, but if nature teaches us anything, it teaches us that forces such as these are eternal in the same sense that matter is eternal and space endless.—*Frank Bolles.*

Let us labor to make the heart grow larger as we become older, as the spreading oak gives more shelter.—*Richard Jeffries.*

"He who has many years has many fears, And waning joys, and bitter slights and tears," Men said of old.

But we look forward to our age of gold, And, in God's love, the sky at evening clears.

So long ago! Such changes everywhere! Since our first coming earth's brave life to share,

Such shiftings strange!

Yet the good words of promise never change. Beyond God's love our feet shall never fare.

He who has many years has many friends. His memory holds the past; his hope extends On, ever on,

Past earth's complaints where loving hearts have won

Their rest at last and service never ends.

—*Isaac Ogden Rankin.*

To us, dearest mother, who are in health and vigor, you are scarcely less useful now in your example of cheerfulness and patience and thoughtfulness for every one else, showing us how infirmity should be borne, than you were in the old days when we were the feeble ones. It would be a pity if the relation of parent to child were not so inverted before it ceased; it would lose almost half its use and a great part of its delight.—*James Hinton.*

Almighty God, merciful Father, vouchsafe to accept the thanks which I now presume to offer for the prolongation of my life. Grant, O Lord, that as my days are multiplied, my good resolutions may be strengthened, my power of resisting temptations increased, and my struggles with snares and obstructions invigorated. Relieve the infirmities both of my mind and body. Grant me such strength as my duties may require, and such diligence as may improve those opportunities of good that shall be offered me. Deliver me from the intrusion of evil thoughts. Grant me true repentance of my past life; and as I draw nearer to the grave, strengthen my faith, enliven my hope, extend my charity, and purify my desires; and so help me, by Thy Holy Spirit, that when it shall be Thy pleasure to call me hence, I may be received to everlasting happiness, for the sake of Thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

One of Thirteen*

Chapter XVI. Trouble Versus Thanksgiving Dinner

BY FRANCES J. DELANO

The afternoon that Ethel took her walk was the Wednesday when Polly was expected home from New York, and she arrived about ten minutes before Ethel returned. The rush and hurry of the great city, the splendid wealth, the fearlessness and daring which she had seen everywhere, acted upon Polly like a tonic. She had taken herself through a good course of reasoning several times lately. She told herself that if the Commodore could keep up his courage when he had only an invalid wife that belonged to him, surely she could when there were a whole dozen people in her family to love. And if the newsboys could stand on their heads for sheer delight when they hadn't even the memory of a home, how outrageously inconsiderate it was for her to be miserable when she had enjoyed a perfect home for sixteen years.

It was Polly's way of reasoning, and it had its good effect. She was in the best of spirits when she reached home, and her voice was as clear as a clarinet when she bounded into the sitting-room and gave the family two hugs apiece all round.

By the time Ethel arrived there wasn't a trace of trouble or a shadow of any kind visible anywhere.

"You darling!" cried Polly, as Ethel opened the sitting-room door and peeped smilingly in. "Where have you been? I've longed and longed for you."

"I didn't think it was so late," exclaimed Ethel, taking Polly's face in both her hands and kissing her tenderly. "I wouldn't have missed your arrival for anything. Seems to me the wind must have gone round into a sunshiny quarter since I left the house, hasn't it?" she asked, gazing around upon the bright faces. "Pray don't leave home again, Polly," she said, as she came back into the sitting-room after hanging up her wraps. "You're just like a brisk northwest wind; no chance for clouds to hang very near the earth, you know, when that's blowing."

Ethel spoke quietly and she was serene as she usually was, but there was something about her, something in her voice and manner that puzzled Polly, so that she kept watching her as she talked and asked questions. She knew nothing of Ethel's plans. There had been no time to communicate them by letter, Ethel having told the family only the day before. Even had they been known in time to write about them, the family would have voted as a unit not to say anything till Polly got back, that her visit might be as free as possible from trouble.

"Ethel," exclaimed Polly at last in her characteristically precipitous fashion, "you've changed since I went away. I haven't been gone a week, and you seem ten years older. Why, you've grown thin, and you're lovelier than ever, Ethel State! I hope you won't get so 'way up' that you can't stay on this earth with us! What is it? What's happened, mother?" exclaimed Polly, as she noticed an anxious expression flit across her mother's face.

"Nothing serious, dear," said Ethel, consolingly. "I've just taken up with your suggestion, that's all, and I'm going to see how much money I can make out of my hair."

"Ethel, what do you mean?" Polly's eyes were traveling from one troubled face to another.

"Don't be alarmed, Polly; I've only got to stand still and be admired for the next dozen weeks or more. How could one ask for an easier task? Now, Polly, don't be troubled," Ethel went on, as she saw the look of alarm in Polly's face; "It's really nothing; I've only made an engagement with that company you were telling us about, and I'm going up tomorrow morning to see what I can do."

Polly's face was a study. She turned first red and then white, and her eyes kept growing larger and larger as she gazed about her. At last she spoke.

"Father, do you really mean that you're going to let Ethel stand in a show window and"—

"Father hadn't a thing to do about it," interrupted Ethel. "I had to make the engagement without consulting any one, because the man had another applicant and the question had to be decided at once."

"Yes," said Mr. State, "Ethel gave her written promise, and your mother and I would not ask her to break it."

"We hoped she'd have the measles," chimed in Jack, "or some kind of a fever that would take off her hair and then she'd have to give up the game; but she looks better tonight than she has any time since you went off, so I guess she isn't in for any fever."

Polly stared at Jack a moment, and then opened her mouth as if she intended to speak, but closed it again without saying anything.

"What were you going to say?" asked Johanna.

"Nothing," said Polly, "only—well, I've always been proud of Ethel's hair, but now I—I wish it could be changed to jute—really I do! Why, Ethel, this thing is perfectly ridiculous. I can't think of anything more so, unless—well—unless you were to volunteer to marry a Bowery newsboy."

"There, mother," exclaimed Ethel, triumphantly, "didn't I tell you she'd see the funny side? And you said you didn't see how she was going to bear it! There, little mother, now let's not borrow any more trouble about this wretched affair—I mean this Boston trip," corrected Ethel. "Let's go have supper. Come, Grace Annette, you see to the tea and I'll set the table; I'm really hungry."

After supper Jack missed Polly and went in search of her. He found her in her room, sitting before the air-tight stove, her head in her hand, deep in thought. Millie was curled up beside her. Jack drew a chair up close to hers and sat down in it. He had an abused look on his face, but Polly didn't lift her head, so she didn't notice it. By and by Jack gave the stove as vigorous a kick as he dared, considering the fact it was propped up on the sawed off legs of a

bedstead to make it tall enough to fit the hole in the fire board. Polly lifted her head.

"What's the matter, Jack," she asked.

"Tomorrow's Thanksgiving," growled Jack.

"Why, so it is," exclaimed Polly. "And Ethel thinking of leaving us on Thanksgiving Day! How ter?"

"Can't help that," interrupted Jack, "but we aren't going to have any Thanksgiving dinner."

Polly stared at Jack a moment or two. "Why, Jack," she said, "do you care more for your dinner than for Ethel?"

"Course not," growled Jack, "but I can't make her stay at home. I'd go without dinner, if she'd stay home; but she won't, and I don't see why we've got to lose her and give up our dinner, too."

"That's so," said Polly, thoughtfully, "I don't see myself. Have you said anything about Thanksgiving to the rest?"

Jack shook his head. "Didn't dast to. Mother looks so she was going to cry all the time, and Ethel, too. They've both braced up since you got home, and er course I wasn't going to say dinner to the others; they'd think 'twas all I tho't of."

"Jack," Polly was sitting up very straight now, "have they all been dreadfully blue since I went away?"

"Er course," replied Jack. "What'd you think? Ethel hasn't scarcely tasted a thing to eat; mother neither. Guess none of them's overloaded their stomachs much."

Polly jumped up. "That settles it!" she cried.

"Settles what?" exclaimed Jack, while Millie stared with open mouth.

"Settles lots of things—Thanksgiving dinner for one thing," replied Polly. "Millie, please run down stairs and find the shears, will you? and don't say a blessed word to anybody." Polly's eyes were flashing; the spirit of New York was upon her. "Now, Jack, will you do as I tell you?"

"Course!" cried Jack, excitedly.

"Let's see! First we must have a turkey, two quarts of cranberries, squash, turnip, dressing, Indian pudding with sliced sour apple, celery, onions—O, and lots of things."

"Plum pudding!" cried Jack.

"Yes. Well, first, you must run over to Mr. Peck's and ask him to kill one of his best big turkeys. Tell him I sent you, and we'll exchange two of our Wyandottes for the turkey or pay him in money, just as he pleases. While you are gone, I'll interview Aunt Sally and find out what's needed down town. Be sure and bring the turkey back with you. If he hasn't any, go to Mr. Ramsey's. Anyway, don't come back without one."

"Bet I won't!" shouted Jack.

"And Jack"—Polly sprang to the door—"come back a minute," here Polly lowered her voice, "be sure and take the turkey round to Aunt Sally's door. Don't let any one see you with it."

"Now, Millie, darling," said Polly, as Millie came back bringing the shears, "I've lots of things to do. Tomorrow night we'll have our night together, but you'll put yourself to bed tonight, won't you? I'll s'prise you in the morning."

Millie was so delighted at the change in the atmosphere and the promise of a

surprise that she was willing to go to bed in the dark if necessary.

"No, I'll leave the light," said Polly, "and by and by I'll come up and get it. I'm going into the L now. Good night, dear," and Polly stooped over the child and kissed her.

A few minutes later she was pouring her plans into Aunt Sally's ear so fast, that the dear little old lady was fairly bewildered. She was quite as quick-witted as Polly, however, considering her age, and it wasn't long before she was as eager over the prospect of stuffing a turkey as Polly herself. While they were all t're talking, Jack came in with the turkey.

"He's a twenty-two pounder," cried Jack, throwing the bird down upon Aunt Sally's clean white table.

"A pretty mess you'll make of this house," exclaimed Aunt Patience. "Who's going to clear up after you?"

"O, Aunt Sally and Jack and I'll clean all up," cried Polly.

"Nobody's got any appetite," continued Aunt Patience, "with all the ridiculous goings-on—Ethel going off and what not. Who's going to eat that turkey?"

"Leave that to Jack and me, Aunt Patience," said Polly, cheerfully.

"What, the whole turkey?" cried Jack.

"No, you goose, the family appetites," laughed Polly.

"Now, Jack, I want you to go down town and get all these things. I'll write them down on this piece of paper. You mustn't forget anything because the stores will be closed tomorrow. We want one box sweet marjoram, two quarts cranberries, two quarts nuts, one dozen oranges, four pounds white grapes, two pounds common raisins for the plum pudding, one box layer raisins for the table. I believe that's all. We have all the spices for the pudding, and all the seasoning for the dressing, and plenty of Indian meal for the boiled pudding. O, we want a bunch of celery; pick out some nice, Jack. There, now don't lose this paper. Get all the things at Story's, and tell them to charge them."

"Now, Aunt Patience," said Polly, as soon as Jack had closed the door, "won't you please go into the other part and tell them some sort of a tale to keep them from coming here after me?"

"What shall I tell them?" asked Aunt Patience in a severe tone.

Polly was hunting in the closet for brown paper with which to singe the turkey. "Tell them that Aunt Sally and I are having a song and a dance," she called from the depths of the pantry.

Aunt Patience opened the passageway door with an impatient flourish. "I knew that trip to New York would finish that girl," she exclaimed, as she entered the sitting-room. "You couldn't live in the house with her before, and now I don't know what we're to do."

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Mr. State.

"O, nothing, but she's got Aunt Sally under her thumb, and nobody is to appear in the L until she says so."

"The child is excited," said Mrs. State. "What with the visit to New York and the trouble here at home, I suppose she feels as if she were between two fires, and I don't wonder."

[To be continued.]

Tangles

[For the leisure hour recreation of old and young. Any reader who can contribute odd and curious enigmas, etc., of a novel and interesting kind is invited to do so, addressing the Puzzle Editor of The Congregationalist.]

68. BLANKS

There are measures to fill every place,
And the measure that fits in this space,
With friendly aggression, makes pleasant expression,
Which brightens the homeliest face.

A measure that grain-sellers buy,
To measure their barley and rye,
Makes sprinkles and spots—the tiniest dots;
Like polka dot spots on a tie.

MYRTLE.

69. CHARACTERISTIC INITIALS

1. Used Siege Guns. 2. Wantonly Murdered. 3. Has Been Studied. 4. Able Contractor. 5. Taught Better Rules. 6. Judicially Devotes Riches. 7. Earnest Endeavor's Helper. 8. Trusted Ruler. 9. Never Despaired. 10. Able Legislator. 11. People's Trusted Boaster. AUNT AMY.

70. KINGS WHO RULE

1. This king once roved o'er the North seas wild.
2. With this one govern a naughty child.
3. You will find another on every ship.
4. If this rules your horse you must use your whip.
5. Now here is a king who is far from fat.
6. Another may perish, but you won't mind that!
7. This governs too often some pretty miss.
8. Let the law of love rule your tongue in this.
9. This sometimes turns e'en a banker's head.
10. When this rules your life you will soon be dead.
11. Without this one you will not go far.
12. When this takes the ship, then good-bye, poor tar!
13. The greatest goose can do this at will.
14. And when naught you have, you will have this still.
15. On another your food doth each day depend.
16. And with this dark shade we will make an end.

F. A.

71. SELF-DEFINED WORDS

By selecting letters from each of these words form a new word which will define the original.

1. Acknowledge. 2. Asséverate. 3. Decline. 4. Material. 5. Recline. 6. Product. 7. Valetudinarian. 8. Secure. WIGHT.

72. INITIAL CHANGES

They ONEd beside a forest brook,
And meant to fish with rod and hook;
It rained; the ground was TWO; some took
Bad colds; Ted took a worse one.
"I wish," he moaned, "that I could see,
With her umbrella, Mrs. THREE;
The very FOUR looks sickly; she
At least would help to nurse one."

But when the sun shone clear next morn,
He FIVEd like any unicorn
Or lion, till the cook's tin horn
Proclaimed the SIX was ready;
To SEVEN the soil around a stake,
Or EIGHT a leaky tent, or shake
With song the echoes all awake,
Was none so brisk as Teddy.

M. C. S.

ANSWERS

64. Me-thought. 65. 1. Belong. 2. Gentleman. 3. Again. 4. Tiresome. 5. Aspire. 66. Sleeplessness. 67. 1. Aver-age. 2. Band-age. 3. Mile-age. 4. Cour-age. 5. Marri-age. 6. Pott-age. 7. Carriage. 8. Dam-age. 9. Hom-age. 10. Garbage. 11. Mir-age. 12. Line-age. 13. Bagg-age. 14. Peer-age. 15. Dot-age.

Recent solutions are acknowledged from: E. B. D., Springfield, Mass., to 62, 63; Sue, Portland, Me., 62, 63; M. H. N., 62. Tangles suspects that 62 was found a decidedly tough knot, as the best list of books and authors received—that of E. B. D.—is by no means complete. We wonder if the "kings" will be any easier to guess.

The Conversation Corner

Dogs and Cats and Others

DO YOU think we have too many dogs and cats in our Corner? I can't help it—very well. The children all like pet animals, "for 'tis their nature to," and when they write their letters to us, they tell about what interests them most. Here is a picture of a sample group of healthy, happy, handsome children—I cannot drop any of those *h's* for they all belong to the description—which has just come to my notice, and which I have asked permission to show you. I shall not tell you where they live, or what their names are, nor the dogs' names; but I think they would all speak for themselves, if you Cornerer children were alongside of them on that beautiful lawn!

We will begin our letters away down East, almost at the jumping-off place of Uncle Sam's territory, and see what the children there are thinking about.

MAINE CHILDREN AND THEIR ANIMALS

Dear Mr. Martin: I would like to be a Cornerer. I am nine years old. I have a rabbit. It is two years old this summer. He can sit up on his hind legs and he likes bread and milk. We have three little kittens and they play with their mother and they are greedy.

Machias, Me.

Good By from
RICHARD D.

Dear Mr. Martin: I saw a letter in the Corner in June about Margaret R. of Concord, N. H., who had two goldfish and a pollywog. I would like to know if she kept them in a dish together. I had six goldfish and they all died but one. I know where there are eleven birds' nests right near my home. Two of them are on the woodbine over our door. I send a stamp for a certificate.

Machias, Me.

ANGELINE D.

Now it is in order for Margaret to write to Angeline. I could never get up much interest in a pollywog or a tadpole—you know that is Polly's other name—until in the Hackett School children's exhibition of their nature studies at Amesbury, a few weeks ago, I saw one turned into a handsome little frog and sitting on a stick in the edge of the water close to the pollywog family, as proud and happy as he could be.

VERMONT GIRL AND HER PETS

Dear Mr. Martin: My cat Muff has two kittens. They are very cunning. Muff is four years old. I also have a coon cat, Fluff. Have you any cats? [No. Alas! what cat could take the place of Kitty Clover?] I have just let Muff in and she jumped right up into my chair and commenced washing herself. Muff and Fluff will both beg for their food.

West Brattleboro, Vt.

GLADYS S.

I hope you feed good stuff to Muff and Fluff, but never give them a cuff, nor get in a huff and speak to them rough, or even gruff! or—[O, that's enough!—D. F.]

CONNECTICUT BOY AND TIM

My Dear Mr. Martin: I am glad to belong to the Corner. I am seven years old. I will tell you about the dogs I have had. Two of them ran away. One of the two knocked my aunt down. The name of the dog I have now is Tim. I would be glad to send this money to help the blind children.

Bridgeport, Ct.

DONALD B.

That's it—if a child cares for Tim, his dog, he will much more care for Blind David in India! This boy is a new Cor-

nerer and I never heard of him before, but I think he comes naturally by his interest in the needy children of Asia—was not his grandfather a long-time missionary there?

A FOLDED UP CAT

Right here comes in a recent letter from an honorary member:

Dear Mr. Martin: May I send a contribution to your "cat column?" In a missionary home of far-away Syria, among the mountains of Lebanon, lives a little six-year-old boy. One day the family kitty lay curled up in the house. The little boy wanted to hold it, calling out, "Put her in my lap all folded up, auntie, don't unfold her!"

South Hadley, Mass.

GRANDMA.

A ROLLED UP EGG

This reminds me of a little boy's saying, not far from Boston, although it belongs to another genus of animals. Being offered fried egg for breakfast he exclaimed,



"I would rather have it rolled up as we had it when we went to the beach!"

THE OLD FOLKS SPEAK OF DOGS

Dear Mr. Martin: I always read the "Conversation Corner," the first thing when I take up *The Congregationalist*, then the "Closet and Altar"—perhaps I ought to reverse the order! I am very fond of animals, and your stories and pictures of dogs and cats are calculated to instill tenderness and sympathy for our four footed friends, and so I often say, "God bless the Corner!" I could tell you many amusing stories of dogs whom we have loved, some as wise and faithful as Dr. John Brown's "Rab" of beautiful memory. In our dear Scotch home-land we had three dogs, four cats and nine birds, besides rabbits and a Shetland pony, and I brought a toy Yorkshire terrier with me.

Dorchester, Mass.

Mrs. D.

If you ever have a dog Corner here is an item. At our annual picnic one family was followed by their dog. Among the sports was the "tug of war." At this game of rope-pulling the dog began to bark and would jump up and catch hold of the rope with his teeth and pull for all he was worth, occasionally letting go in order to bark, evidently to cheer on the other contestants. It was very amusing to see this half-grown dog taking such an intelligent interest in the sport, always pulling in the right direction and barking as though his whole heart was in it.

New Hampshire Parsonage.

One more—[No, sir, not another dog story, I don't care how old the fellow is who tells it!—D. F.]

For the Old Folks

"MY SWEET PEA"

W. B. P. of Cincinnati [in Corner of August 30] will find "Penelope's Christmas Dance," by Virginia Woodward Cloud, in the *Ladies' Home Journal* for January, 1898. That is probably the poem asked for.

Belfast, Me.

C. M. C.

Fortunately a neighbor had the paper containing the poem, a long one with title as above. The first verse runs:

Mistress Penelope Penwick, she,
Called by her father, "My Sweet Pea,"
Painted by Peale, she won renown
In a clinging, short-waisted satin gown;
A red rose touched by her finger tips,
And a smile held back by her roguish lips.

With this hint some one may give the historical incident on which the poem is founded—was it not connected with the memorable crossing of the Delaware on Christmas night in 1776? The painter was of course Charles Wilson Peale, the great portrait painter of revolutionary time, who painted the famous picture of Washington.

"SONGS FOR LITTLE ONES AT HOME"

I read with interest the "Old Folks'" part of the Conversation Corner, and write to inquire about a volume of poems for children, called "Songs for Little Ones at Home," which was much prized when I was a child and which I should like to get for my children.

North Shrewsbury, Vt.

C. H. S.

Yes, here is my copy, tattered and torn by the use of two generations of children, more or less, and its pictures illuminated by the water colors of some juvenile artist—robin redbreast painted blue, the "two beggars at the door" and Mary's little lamb in faded pink, while the "ding a ling, ding ding" ragman is dressed in red, and "Little Samuel" and other children wear coats of many colors! The title-page long since disappeared, but I know the book is still published by the American Tract Society; price, 60 cents.

"O FIE, AMELIA"

On my recent trip on the North Shore, a lady expressed an earnest desire to find Mrs. Barbauld's Poems for the Young, containing, among other choice bits of poetry, this couplet:

O fie, Amelia, I'm ashamed
To hear you quarrel so.

I have not been able to find the book or the poem, although the oldest folks in my family remember Amelia very well as appearing in some old reader or song-book, name unknown. But somebody will know!

"SEALED ORDERS"

Where can I get the short poem entitled "Sealed Orders"?

North Rochester, Mass.

M. E. B.

I do not know. Who does?

"NO. 5"

I am making a music-book for my own use and lack some pages of Gospel Hymns, No. 5. Where can I get it?

Rosindale, Mass.

C.

Try Humphrey's secondhand bookstore, 28 Brattle Street—5 to 1 you will get one there, for he has almost everything in the antiquarian line.

Mrs. Martin

In and Around Chicago

Congregationalism

This was the subject discussed at the Ministers' Meeting Monday morning. There seems to be a feeling that while sectarianism of every shade is to be avoided, it is possible that Congregationalists have thought too little of their heritage. The first speaker, Rev. Mr. Graham, who came to us from another body of Christians, and came after careful study, dwelt upon the thoroughness of Congregationalism as indicated in its ideas of education and preparation for the ministry, in conversion and in Christian service. He deprecated revivals which go no farther than to excite feeling, and insisted that the time has come when ministers should everywhere consider the quality of their work instead of its vastness. The second speaker, Dr. W. A. Bartlett, referred to the history of the denomination in this city, to the men of the early day who stood for principles social and theological, and to the danger which confronts us of giving our time and strength to petty matters to the neglect of those of the first importance. He emphasized the need of a closer fellowship between the pastors, the dignity and power which naturally belong to Congregationalism and the value of affirmative rather than negative statements in preaching.

The meeting was one of the best recently held and promises to produce results which will aid our work. One hindrance is the rapid growth of the city, and, more than all, the change in the homes of the people. In the business center churches cannot prosper. It is almost as difficult for them to live in the great belt, nearly or quite a mile in width, which surrounds this center, but in which the older and powerful churches of the last twenty-five years are situated. We are compelled to plan for the establishment of churches in the next belt, which is a residence belt, easily reached, and in the suburbs. The demand is far beyond our power to meet. With the older churches maintaining themselves with difficulty where they are and finding it almost impossible to continue the great gifts of former years, the appeal for money, even in small sums, for each new church is distressingly frequent. But money must be had, or that part of the evangelization of the city which belongs to Congregationalists cannot be done.

The Coming of Campbell Morgan

Mr. Morgan will devote the months of October and November to Chicago. His headquarters will be the Chicago Avenue Church, where he will reach immense audiences whenever he speaks, although it is understood that he will labor also in different sections of the city. The ministers have felt that, so far as possible, they and their churches should be ready to aid him in his service.

School for Boys

The St. Charles Home and School for Boys, forty miles from Chicago on Fox River, in the establishment of which several gentlemen of wealth and philanthropic feeling have been interested, will soon be opened. Mr. N. W. McLain, formerly head of the agricultural school of Minnesota, will be placed in charge. Plans have been accepted for the main building, to cost about \$40,000. Money is in hand for its erection, and also for some of the thirty or forty cottages which it is intended, sooner or later, to build. As each of these cottages will cost \$40,000, it will be seen that the plans are large and liberal. This is the school in which Mr. J. W. Gates has been interested, and to which Mr. Charles M. Schwab has recently contributed \$10,000. The purpose of the school is to reach the boys in the street and train them for service as good citizens, able to take care of themselves and minister to others. Another school, at Glenwood, which has been in operation nearly ten years, was established with a similar purpose,

and though little has been heard of it its work has gone steadily forward and resulted in the saving of many boys who otherwise might have become criminals or a dead weight upon society.

A Beautiful Charity

The Visiting Nurses Association, a small company of trained nurses who care for the sick without any compensation, has found its resources taxed to the utmost during the prevalence of typhoid fever. The association has been in existence about twelve years, and has been supported entirely by private charity. It has done its work among the poor. In August in the Hull House district sixty-one fever cases were found, but in that district 789 visits were made and 1,545 visits in other West Side districts. In the entire city these visits for a single month were 4,202. The visiting staff of the association numbers fourteen, each one of whom has her district and is expected to care for all the indigent sick in it and oftentimes to do menial work in families where every sanitary principle has been set at defiance. The reports of these visits are evidence of the value and importance of the service rendered, and show the need of increased gifts that this small force of devoted women may be multiplied.

The Work of Deaconesses

The service which has been rendered in South Chicago by a single deaconess under the direction of Rev. George H. Bird of the First Church demonstrates the need of deaconesses in the parishes of all our larger churches and the far-reaching influence they may exert. At present Mr. Bird has found means only for the support of one deaconess, but he greatly desires two more. For \$500 they could be secured, and a great amount of good be accomplished. Our seminary is training women for this service and cannot train too many of them. Those who have received instruction under Dr. Schauffler of Cleveland have found more opportunities for work than they could embrace.

Chicago, Sept. 20.

FRANKLIN.

Vermont Rededications

On a recent Sunday, the old church at St. Johnsbury Center was rededicated, after thorough renovation outside and in. The historical address was by Dr. E. T. Fairbanks, pastor for seven years before taking the pastorate of South Church. The date coincided nearly with the centennial of the vote of the town to build the first meeting house. The present building contains the timbers of the original structure, though occupying a different site. Dr. Fairbanks considered it the only building of great historical importance in town, and a

matter of interest to all citizens that it should be preserved. The church organization was effected in 1809, and was the mother of all the churches, the North going out in 1825, the East organizing in 1840, and the South colonizing from the North in 1851.

Rededicatory services were held Sept. 4 at East Hardwick and Northfield. At the former place the auditorium had been recited with steel, new windows had been put in, a new carpet laid and circular pews of quartered oak secured, all at an expense of \$2,657, easily raised and paid in without solicitation. The sermon was by Dr. F. E. Dewhurst of Chicago, who has been spending the summer at his cottage in Greensboro, near by. At Northfield extensive changes have been in progress through the summer, the chief feature being memorial windows. Dr. W. S. Hazen, pastor for thirty-nine years—his only pastorate—preached.

C. H. M.

We have no agents or branch stores.

New Fall Suits and Cloaks.

THERE are many new styles in suits and cloaks for this season, and the lady who wishes to dress well at moderate cost should write for our new Fall and Winter Catalogue and samples of the materials from which we make our garments. We keep no ready-made stock, but make every garment to order. If what you order does not fit and please you, send it back and we will refund your money. Our aim is to satisfy you. Our Catalogue illustrates:

Fashionable Cloth Suits, \$8 up.
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Separate Skirts, the newest cut, \$4 up.
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Long Jackets, \$10 up. Short Coats, \$7 up.

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Bookmen and Bookshops

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

I had the pleasure of spending a few delightful days this summer at Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich's hospitable cottage at Tenant's Harbor on the wild Maine shore where it looks off toward lonely Matineus. Among the other guests were Dr. Hamilton Wright Mable, President Tucker of Dartmouth, Dr. Henry van Dyke, Congressman Littlefield and Mr. W. O. Fuller, the postmaster of Rockland and author of *What Happened to Wigglesworth*. Epigrams and witticisms were flashing about like the fireflies over the Swampscott meadows. Have I any right to Boswellize them? Could I without permission cite Congressman Littlefield's brilliant conversation on trusts or on the vexed question of reciprocity with Cuba? But as I sat next him on the pretty yacht *Augusta*, steaming up toward the lovely Camden hills, and listened to his utterances, I wished that I might take down his words in shorthand. Yet had I published them I might have

garding the life to come. I have absolute proof that we live beyond the grave." The poem is to be published before long as a prologue to a book on *Immortality* written by an English friend of the great actor.

Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman once spoke to me of the awe which he felt when for the first time he came into the presence of Longfellow and Lowell, Whittier and Holmes. What said old Nestor of the great men of his youth? Not all mountains can be snow clad and touch the clouds. Even the little hills have their charm, though they do not inspire awe, and I firmly believe that the literary men and women of Boston have just as good a time together now as had those whom we are taught to regard with bated breath. Edward Everett Hale is as fine a figure, with his picturesque unkemptness and his great, leonine eyes, as one could desire to see. Colonel Higginson at eighty has lost nothing of his graceful wit and his readiness of repartee. His figure is still militarily erect and worthy of his title, which we all know is genuine and not a nickname of

the British soldier who pierced it; the descendant was a much more beautiful example of the Quincey race, and the little doctor—how he would exult over the honors heaped upon his son!—enjoyed the experience as much as the young lady did. On that same occasion, I remember showing Dr. Holmes some extracts from Lorna Doone which lent themselves easily to scansion, almost like poetry, though printed without division into lines. He expressed himself in no measured terms in opposition to such prostitution of prose; he utterly disapproved of it.

If I were a painter I should select as my next great canvas the episode of Miss Josephine Preston Peabody, the Sappho of Boston, getting flowers from Shakespeare's garden this summer. This should be the picture as she described it in a letter recently received:

"I called to the Gardener at the Birthplace, which is all tied up with red tape; and I called from an upper window—things downstairs being locked with a hundred locks—I called to him, *à la Juliet*, quite softly: 'Gardener, dear, beloved Gardener'—or words to that effect—'do please give me a pansy from down there!' He heard, approached, frowned, rubbed his forehead, smiled anon, and shook his head. Says he, 'No, you can't pick any flowers here, Miss.' 'Ah,' says I, 'but you can. Do give me a pansy.' Says he, looking about: 'I can't get it to you. The gates are all locked.' But he picked three. I threw my little silk hand-bag out of the window at him and said, 'Put them in there.' He did so, and after one or two tries threw the bag back to the little casement, where I caught it just before a string of tourists came in. Was not that the best of ways to steal a pansy?"

Could anything be more charming? I am sure the picture would bring a prize! It could not fail to be a classic, for Miss Peabody is as graceful and pretty as she is talented, and that is saying a good deal, as Mr. Stedman would agree. And she sailed for her native land only last Saturday.

Boston, Sept. 16.



CONFERENCE FOR REVISING THE YOUNG FOLKS' LIBRARY
Held recently at Tenant's Harbor, Maine

The group beginning on the left: H. W. Mable, T. B. Aldrich, E. B. Hall, Henry van Dyke, President W. J. Tucker, Nathan Haskell Dole

prevented him from embodying them in an article in some magazine or speech.

I did attack Postmaster Fuller for stealing my grandfather's name for his farcical and amusing chapters relating to the conceited and oft-humiliated Wigglesworth. He assured me that he thought he had invented the name. He must have seen it some time and then forgotten. The *Day of Doom* is not so popular a poem as it was two hundred years ago! He said that as he was one day walking along a Boston street his breath was nearly taken away by seeing attached to a white door a brass plate which bore the fatal name.

The other morning, down at Buzzard's Bay, Mr. Joseph Jefferson took me away from the distinguished company that was in his music-room listening to Andrew Mack singing some original songs, and leading me upstairs to his library, filled with the richest collection of art books in Massachusetts, read to me a poem which he had written as a sort of answer to what he considered the hopeless attitude of Omar Khayyam toward immortality. He said: "I have very strong convictions re-

the Fourth Estate or even Kentuckian. He is the most zealous member of the Authors' Club, and I as presented it with many valuable autographs. His influence has been so exerted that when a woman is elected to it a man also goes in.

At Arlington, overlooking the placid pond, lives John Townsend Trowbridge with his wife, wonderfully resurrected from a long and apparently hopeless illness, and with his two artistic daughters. I don't know whether my memory of visits to Longfellow in Craigie House or to Lowell at Elmwood are any more fragrant than recent afternoons spent with Mr. Trowbridge.

It is certainly one of the consolations of being older than we like to confess, that we remember things that otherwise we should not have known by personal observation. I shall never forget hearing Dr. Holmes repeat his poem of Dorothy Q., standing before the picture with a young lady who bore the name and shared the blood of the colonial dame. The picture was not a work of art and its beauty was not improved by the truculence of

RELIGION

The Beginner's Course: Hints for Teachers and Parents. pp. 158. Pilgrim Press.

While the International Sunday School Convention at Denver was disappointing in that it turned down the advanced course recommended by the lesson committee, it did have the grace to ratify the course for beginners that was arranged by it. This course of fifty-two lessons is designed for children under six years of age, and has been carefully planned. It was mapped out after correspondence with about sixty of the best known primary workers and a personal conference with those that could be brought together at New York. It proceeds upon the pedagogical truth that little children are interested in incidents and in nature.

The plan of the lesson committee has been admirably worked out through the Pilgrim Press for several of the denominations. The course being intended for children too young to read, the lessons were prepared to assist the parent and teacher by a trained and experienced kindergartner, and include readings, songs and blackboard and home work. There is an Approach to the Lesson, the lesson story and a story of today impressing the lesson truth. The page is fair and open, with profuse illustrations. The course may be had in quarterly form (20 cents) or in book form (30 cents). It is supplemented by picture cards for the children (5 cents per quarter).

Social Regeneration the Work of Christianity, by Rev. W. N. Sloan. pp. 142. Presb. Board of Pub. 60 cents net.

A defense of the church and its social service, and a criticism of sentimental and materialistic philanthropy. It points out the inade-

quacy of the programs of great doctrinaires and their singular oversight of the few fundamental principles on which society is constructed.

Our Attitude Towards English Roman Catholics and the Papal Court, by Arthur Gatton. pp. 156. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.00 net.

A summary of the history of the Roman Catholic Church in its relations to the English Government and English Christianity. The author was once a Roman Catholic but is now an Episcopal clergyman. He has reviewed with thorough knowledge the influence of the Vatican in the development of modern thought. He characterizes the traditional papacy as "that mediæval, feudal, semi-pagan, wholly mundane organization." He adduces its records and results as a sufficient refutation of papal claims and theories. In view of the influence of the Roman Catholic Church in American life, and especially of its power in the new possessions of the United States, this volume is important and valuable and deserves study by those interested in our gravest problems of church and state.

The Temple Bible; Ezekiel, edited by O. C. Whitehouse, D. D. Jeremiah and Lamentations. pp. 256, 188. Edited by E. Tyrell Green, M. A. J. B. Lippincott Co. Each, 60 cents net. Both these volumes rank with the best of those thus far issued of this excellent series. With introductory essay, arrangement of text, notes and references in English literature, they are admirable text-books for use in advanced Bible classes such as we hope will be maintained in all the churches.

Kinship of God and Man, Vol. II., by Rev. J. J. Lanier. pp. 284. Thos. Whittaker. \$1.00 net.

The first volume of this work was an attempt, according to the author, to rewrite theology in the terms of biology. In this volume the author presents the doctrine of the trinity, as he understands it—and he understands it perfectly. That last statement is sufficient to furnish a gauge to the merit of the book.

FICTION

Gentleman Garnet, by Harry B. Vogel. pp. 357. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.00.

A tale of old Tasmania, opening in the convict prisons and dealing with the adventures of three convicts, driven by the cruelties of their jailers to escape, and bushranging. There is a lovable heroine, whose courage and resource are devoted to the final attempt at escape from the island to a better life. The heroes are skillfully drawn, their exploits and adventures have the true stir for the blood. It is a strong story of compelling interest.

Stillman Gott, by Edwin Day Sibley. pp. 369. J. S. Brooks & Co.

A story with one excellently described personality and a number of dummies. The hero is picturesque, bright, shrewd, kind, even Christlike. He is full of quips and quiddities, is a bit eccentric and knows it, and yet works out very sensible and suggestive ideas from his surroundings about life in general. One of those books which one does better to read in quotations than as a whole.

Dandelion, by Evelyn M. Wood Lovejoy. pp. 294. Abbey Press.

An ambitiously and, on the whole, successfully written story, whose weakness lies in the superabundance of sentiment. Every female character—there are several—has at least two devoted and noble men who lay their hearts at her feet. Yet the author, by the aid of death and various less common devices, succeeds in making all end happily or at least peacefully.

Like Another Helen, by Sydney C. Grier. pp. 467. L. C. Page & Co. \$1.25.

The dark days of Calcutta's siege are the background for this romance—a close imitation of Richardson's Pamela. A charming creature among the English in India tells in letter form to her distant bosom friend of her numberless suitors and admirers. Just as Pamela's letters were monotonous, so this long account of languishing lovers grows wearisome after a time.

In the Days of St. Clair, by Dr. James Ball Naylor. pp. 420. Saalfield Pub. Co., Akron, O. \$1.50.

A story of early days in Ohio, in which unrestrained passion works horrible results for those who give themselves up to it, but is powerless to prevent the hero and heroine

from getting married and living happily ever after.

An Unwilling Guest, by Grace L. Hill. pp. 327. Am. Baptist Pub. Soc. \$1.00 net.

A New York society girl becomes unexpectedly and reluctantly a member for some weeks of a thoroughly Christian family. Her lack of comprehension of the life around her, its influence upon her, her efforts and final success in securing for herself its peace and trust, are pleasantly narrated. A double love story runs through the book, which is designed for Sunday school libraries.

Tom Moore, by Theodore Burt Sayre. pp. 341. F. A. Stokes Co. \$1.50.

A novel as good as a play, but no better. The society it pictures is that of Tom Moore's time and type, as it would probably be represented on the stage. There is abundant Irish wit and repartee, with puns good, bad and indifferent, rather too much of libertinism and disreputable adventure, some tender love making, and the last act is a satisfactory adjustment of all parties just as the curtain falls. Tom Moore is made near enough to a historical character to be recognized as the genial and jolly Irish poet, but noted facts in his career are boldly altered to fit the story. The book is so good that it ought to be better. It would have been more fitting to give its hero another name.

Told by the Death's Head, by Maurus Jokai. Translated by S. E. Boggs. pp. 348. Saalfield Pub. Co. \$1.50.

An attempt to imitate the stories of the Arabian Nights with rather gresome additions. The narrator first rehearses the list of crimes he has committed and then adorns them in detail with scenes of fairies and robbers. Ingenious, but not absorbing or uplifting.

MISCELLANEOUS

Remembered Days, by Jas. B. Kenyon. pp. 239. Eaton & Mains. \$1.00.

Sketches of the woods and rivers in vacation days, with the addition of one story translated from the French. Mr. Kenyon has so genuine an enjoyment of his fishing and camping experience that he succeeds in making us share not a little of his enthusiasm.

Bits from New Books

Would There Were More

Mrs. Alexander, the doctor's wife, was one of the rare kind, who are always ready to sleep when other people are sleepy and to breakfast when other people are hungry; a much rarer kind, as even Miss Judy knew, unworlily as she was, than the kind who always expect others to be sleepy when they wish to sleep and to be ready to eat when they are hungry.—From Banks's *Oldfield* (Macmillan).

Where to Begin

There is but one real rule as to beginning a sermon. Begin where the people are. The sermon should have saliency at the start, but saliency with naturalness.—From Lyman's *Preaching in the New Age* (Revell).

His Mammy's Provision

When she found that I was going away on this expedition she told me of this ham, which had lain for three years in hickory ashes in the smokehouse. She lovingly got it out and boiled it for me, saying: "My precious chile, when de cannon balls blows up your innards they's got to find 'em well fed innards like a Southern gentleman's innards ought to be." That's the history of the ham.—From Eggleston's *The Bale Marked Circle X*. (Lothrop).

A Filipino Hotel

Filipino cooking has no delight for me, and I had a scanty time for the three days of my stay with mine host. To his surprise I dodged

In Quest of the Quaint, by Eliza B. Chase. pp. 246. Ferris & Leach. \$1.50.

A book of travel in Eastern Canada, on the north shore of the bay of Chaleur and near Quebec, told in the old fashion of a record of personal experience. Some of the fields are fresh and the author has observed with care. She has incorporated a number of stories and songs gleaned in the course of the journeys. The illustrations are of varying interest.

The Best of Stevenson, edited by Alexander Jessup. pp. 390. L. C. Page & Co. \$1.25.

A complete and well-written introduction containing the listed works of the author prefacing this neat little volume of selections from Stevenson. Here are Will o' the Mill, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, and Markheim, but the reader fails to be satisfied when he finds no trace of Prince Otto or the Master of Ballantrae. However, the size of the volume has made an arbitrary selection necessary on the part of the editor.

The Home Aquarium and How to Care for It, by Eugene Smith. pp. 213. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.20 net.

Fascinating reading even to one who does not possess an aquarium and invaluable to a person about to start one. The advice as to the selection of material and care for plants and animals is sensible and useful. There is a long list of fresh water plants and another of suitable fish and lower forms of life. Index and tables indicate the animals and plants which harmonize. It is generously illustrated.

Report of the Philippine Commission. Vols. III. and IV.

The additional volumes issued by the original commissioners of the United States to the archipelago sent out in 1900 are valuable for their information on the chorography, orography, hydrography, botany, ethnography, ethology, agriculture, industry, commerce, religion and history of the islands. They are well illustrated and must prove invaluable to all whose professions or callings compel them either to write about the islands or to labor there intelligently. The article on Religion is written by the Jesuit fathers.

all his elaborate creations and subsisted on rice, bananas and guava jelly. The room assigned to us for sleeping quarters contained two stiff bamboo benches for beds, but neither blankets nor pillows, towels nor soap. To add to our discomfort, even the few snatches of sleep that our hard beds made possible were broken by the irritating grunting of a large and persistent iguana, which, flattened out on a beam above us, defied all our efforts to dislodge it.—From Dean's *With Christ in Bololand* (Revell).

Modern Bullets

When the old round leaden bullets were used, a tree three inches thick or an earthwork twenty inches thick was an effective protection for soldiers. The modern small caliber bullet will penetrate earth to the thickness of seventy-eight and one-half inches, pierce through a tree, and strike those who shelter behind it. In olden time the second rank considered itself protected from danger by the first, the coward took refuge behind a companion. The modern bullet may not only penetrate soldiers in the first two, but even in the third rank. From this we see that the number of victims of the modern bullet may be five times greater than that of the old.—From Bloch's *The Future of War* (Ginn).

Men, Women and Pickles

Men-folks is like pickles, some; women-folks is the brine they're pickled in; they don't keep sweet without 'em.—From Richards's *Mrs. Tree* (Dana Estes & Co.).

A Story of Idealized Experience*

I. The Preparation for a New Life

BY REV. A. E. DUNNING

The history of the Hebrews as given in those books of the Bible which they called the earlier prophets is an inexhaustible storehouse of pictures illustrating human experience. Manifestly these books were written to show men how to live according to the will of God rather than to make an exact record of the occupation of Palestine by the Israelites; and it is this use of the books which has made them supremely valuable. Whatever Scriptures Joshua had, his right use of them was not so much to observe what had occurred as recorded in them, as to "observe to do according to all that is written therein." It is by such use that the Scriptures have come to be our inheritance.

In my early life I was deeply impressed by the imagery of the Bible as illustrating the successive steps of human experience. I saw in mental vision the pictures of the Psalms; and came also to find the same pictures in modern hymns. Heaven was to me what the prophets said the promised land was to the expectant journeying Israelites. It spread out in my imagination as

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
And rivers of delight.

I often thought with restful hope of the end of life's journey and the unending peace beyond, and I sang in my heart:

On Jordan's rugged banks I stand
And cast a wistful eye
Toward Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

The time came when I stood on the banks of the Jordan. They were not rugged but slimy. I could have cast a stone across the narrow stream into the mud and alder bushes of Canaan, and I had no desire to claim any possessions there. For a while my ideal of the future life was dimmed, but I came to understand that a picture is not the scene itself, but that the artist's imagination and mine have to work together to discover the reality he would represent. Then I found a new use for the Jordan River and the land of Canaan and the work of the artists who in the Bible and the hymns had made those places reveal the land yet unseen to which I draw nearer every day.

There is a tendency at present to study the Bible in order to find the ideal life, just as men visit the Holy Land to find the reality of the pictures in our hymns. Students treat the writings of the earlier prophets as though they were merely historic records, and find that they do not always fit contemporary accounts nor accord with present scientific knowledge, and judging the Scriptures by a kind of mathematical standard they find them imperfect. Those who see divinely revealed ideals in the Bible resent this mechanical judgment of it, as though the reality of their ideals depended on exactness of records of historic events and of the topography of Palestine. Thus is maintained the contention between the devout student who insists on the literal interpretation of the Bible and the higher

critic. But meanwhile the number of those who are both devout and critical students of the Bible is increasing, and through deeper knowledge of it clearer ideals of human experience will be revealed.

It is with this aim that I seek to lead Sunday school teachers and others in the study of the books of Joshua, Judges, Ruth and Samuel. The successive lessons of the International course for the coming quarter illustrate and reflect experiences in the journey of life. They were intended to do this, and to help us to understand how to live. The book of Joshua begins by introducing to us the new leader of the Israelites on the threshold of the land in which they were to become a nation. What he found in that pregnant hour is what youth must always find in order to succeed in life, and what must always be found on the threshold of new experiences if they are to be prosperous. These are the things that equipped Joshua to lead the people of God to realize the promises he had given them:

1. *A vision of the future* [vs. 3, 4]. It was large enough to satisfy any ambition. Joshua saw himself the possessor of every territory he entered. He saw before him a kingdom stretching from the wilderness out of which he was emerging north to the Lebanon mountains, and from the Euphrates River on the east to the Mediterranean Sea on the west. He had not much idea of what lay beyond these boundaries. The land he thought of as his own was a world kingdom. Israel never attained to it, but the nation came to be greater than if it had expected less and had been satisfied with less. We shall have more in life the more we expect to have. Let us not limit our visions of what we would become. If they are unselfish and noble they are of God. We shall have all the territory we can occupy.

2. *The source of strength* [vs. 5, 6]. The leader of the people expected to encounter no foe equal to himself, for his God was supreme over all, and his mission was to bring the people to inherit what God had promised to their fathers. This is strength indeed, to lean on God in conscious purpose to do his will.

3. *The unswerving purpose*. The condition of success was, not to falter before any obstacles, to know the law of God and "turn not from it to the right hand nor to the left." Joshua was to meet great difficulties, to find side paths that would look easier than the straight way before him, to be urged to compromise by his adversaries, but the law of God was in his hand. He could not afford to turn from it whatever the temptation. This is courage, manhood, righteousness. It insures success for it is success.

4. *The Guide Book* [v. 8]. It probably was a brief summary of the law which Joshua had, but it was enough. The whole Bible is largely a repetition in varied forms of a few primary principles, and the accounts of their being wrought out in individual and national life. These principles are the essential truths. In the mind and in the mouth day and night,

meditated on and spoken of for the purpose of living them, they are sure to bring every one to realize the highest end of life. There need be no fear that the Bible will lose its value to mankind. What we have to fear is that men may lose the Bible, and that they may even miss its meaning when they study it, through not appreciating the object for which it was written. One may pay me the compliment of reading with interest the words I write here, but gain little from them unless the Bible open at the first chapter of Joshua is before his eyes.

5. *The abiding assurance* [v. 9]. Sometimes it must be taken in faith, when there seems good reason to be dismayed; but the evidence comes when it is needed to those who live with God. "Jehovah thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest."

It is not possible for any one to fail on the threshold of a new enterprise who knows the meaning of this charge to Joshua. It was read to the king of England when he was crowned a few weeks ago in Westminster Abbey. It is just as important a charge for every one to read to himself as he takes up any new responsibility of life.

North Dakota—Past and Future

North Dakota is great in its political history, for it has won victories over the lottery, easy divorces and the saloon; great in its Congregational history, for it has brought to birth a hundred churches of the Pilgrim order and a Christian college to take its place in the sisterhood of those which the sons of the Pilgrims have planted. Having done this much in these days of youth the state should go forward to a proud place on the nation's map.

G. J. POWELL.

Biographical

A VETERAN FINISHES HIS WORK

One of the first missionaries of the American Board was Rev. Isaac Bird. His son, William Bird, was born on the island of Malta, Aug. 17, 1823, graduated at Dartmouth College in 1844 and at Andover Seminary in 1850. Three years later he began his missionary career in Syria, where he labored until his death, Aug. 30. Mr. Bird was known and loved in the Lebanon region by Moslems, Druzes, Maronites and Greeks. He spoke Arabic perfectly and preached effectively to the common people. He was transferred to the Presbyterian Board in 1870, when that body was formed by separation from the American Board. Rev. Dr. Arthur J. Brown, its secretary, says of him:

"He was distinguished not so much for ability, though he was a man of marked power, nor for scholarship, though he had ample learning, as for beauty and strength of Christian character. He was pre-eminently a man whose daily walk and conversation were so pervaded by the spirit of Christ that all who saw him took knowledge of him that he had been with Jesus. The impression he made upon both missionaries and Syrians was extraordinary.

"The theological students whom he had taught repeatedly testified to the inspiration which they received from him. To the end of his long life of nearly fourscore years he retained a phenomenal influence over children. They instinctively recognized him as their friend. He had wonderful skill in teaching them the Bible, and there is probably not a better trained Sunday school in the world than the one to which he opened the Scriptures in Abelh."

I feel the more, the more I know,
That friendship is a thing apart,
A mute assurance of the heart,
A faith that little cares for show.

—Tennyson.

* International Sunday School Lesson for Oct. 5. Text, Josh. 1: 1-11. Joshua Encouraged.

The Fight for Prohibition in New England

BY REV. WILBERT L. ANDERSON,
EXETER, N. H.

Recent events in the three northern New England states indicate a remarkable growth of antagonism to the prohibitory law. The Vermont election, with its puzzling appeal to the voters, was so far a political frolic as to make its interpretation a trap for the unwary. The Republican convention of New Hampshire, trained to more cautious campaigning, took every possible care to avoid a split in the party. In Maine the drastic enforcement of the law in its most populous county was followed by the usual harvest of exasperation, which time will allay. But when all is said, we are perilously near a stampede of popular opinion in favor of license in these prohibition states. It is the merest prudence to recognize the strength of the movement.

It is also well to remember that these hysterical uprisings are not favorable to farsighted action. It is a good time to put on the brakes when the speed bursts from control. Careful men will move slowly when the populace is excited. Once more an audience should be given to reason. The loudest shouting should not determine the policy of a state.

It should be frankly recognized that good men are divided. The advocates of license, doubtless, in some cases desire to make liquor accessible, but it is quite as likely that they have at heart the promotion of temperance. The supporters of prohibition may be cranks, but more frequently they are broad-minded citizens.

Both sides should concede the principle of majority rule. If when the contest is carried into the legislature prohibition is beaten, it is preposterous statesmanship to attempt to maintain it among the people. There is nothing to do then but to enlighten the people until they come to a new judgment. The suspicion that a comparatively few have been dictating to a much larger body is at the root of present dissatisfaction. It is time that a fresh verdict should vitalize or destroy the law.

In the debate that must go on at every meeting place of men, and later in the legislature, our strategic position should not be thrown away. We do not claim that prohibition does away with drunkenness; nor that it prevents all sales; nor that it closes all saloons; nor that it is not accompanied by political corruption; nor that it never prostitutes juries; nor that it may not threaten the paralysis of courts; nor that it does not breed defiance of law. We admit all these evils and dangers. But is there no drunkenness, are there no sales of liquor, are there no saloons, is there no political corruption, is there no intimidation of juries, is there no supineness of courts, is there no defiance of law outside Maine, Vermont and New Hampshire? It is a curious peculiarity of the human mind that it seizes upon some things with which it associates perfection and to which it applies the tests of perfection. Prohibition is one of these. It must prohibit absolutely, or it is a failure. If any human infirmity appears within the sphere of its authority, then the critics are horrified. What institution on earth can stand this test? Certainly license cannot. Prohibition does not suppress drinking! Where has license suppressed it? All we claim is that prohibition works as well as the rival system, that it is as effective, that it does no more harm to ideals of law, that it causes no more political and judicial corruption. We shall never admit that the people of New Hampshire and the other prohibition states are in a slough of iniquity viler than exists elsewhere; nor on the other hand shall we claim that they do not wallow in the mire more than is for their good. On the whole, prohibition has worked well in these rural states, and there is no occasion to affirm more or less than the truth.

And since the prohibitory system is entitled to divide the field with its rival on any fair appraisal of its working, it is certainly desirable that the country should have the benefit of the fair trial of the two systems rather than that all these thin shelled eggs should be carried in one basket. At best the evils of intemperance are enormous, and all possible modes of dealing with them ought to have fair trial. If these northern states of New England abandon prohibition, where in all the country will there be so good a field for this great social experiment? You cannot get the setting of fifty years of continuous prohibitory law elsewhere until generations have passed. To throw up the experiment just when its value begins to appear is sheer sociological frivolity.

We can appeal strongly to the reluctance of the people to take a step backward. The logical action for these prohibition states, if there must be change, is to give the state complete control of the traffic which it is deemed inexpedient to prohibit. A dispensary system could be devised which would be far better than the license of a private traffic; but until the battle for prohibition is lost, this alternative need not be considered.

In and Around Boston

A Profitable Evening's Entertainment

Last winter Mrs. Abby Snell Burnell, widow of a missionary of the American Board in India, spoke at many churches in this vicinity in the interest of missions and of the support of her own children. Her method is to impersonate a Hindu woman and to describe graphically the transition from her ancestral faith to the religion of Christ and all that the act involves in the way of sacrifice. This story lecture wherever it was heard proved effective in promoting an interest in missions, especially among people heretofore indifferent. Mrs. Burnell, after spending the summer in Oberlin, where her children are in the missionary home, has returned to Boston and is making her appointments for the autumn and winter. She has already spoken in Attleboro and Taunton and goes soon to Worcester, where she will speak before the county branch of the Woman's Board and at Central and Hope churches. The fact that during the last season for nine months she spoke on an average of every other day shows how her work is appreciated both by pastors and missionary societies. She may be addressed now at 81 Davis Avenue, Brookline.

A Change in the Seaman's Society

Barna S. Snow, for the last fourteen years a familiar figure in the Congregational House, has endeared himself to his fellow-workers there as well as to the special constituents of the Boston Seaman's Friend Society, which he has been serving as corresponding secretary. Recently failing health has kept him confined at the home of his son, Dr. F. S. Snow of Roxbury, and it has seemed best to the board of managers to consolidate his work with that of the field secretary. Hereafter Rev. C. P. Osborne will represent the society in both capacities. Besides the service which Mr. Snow has rendered as an official, when a business man and a member of the board of managers he gave freely of his time to the society. Much of its development in recent years is due to his devoted efforts. His work at Berkeley Temple, of which he has been a deacon for many years, has been no less faithful and fruitful. May he be spared long illness and prostration.

Missionary Rally at People's Temple

Twelve hundred young people, wearing conspicuously upon coat and dress fronts white flag pins marked with the blue cross—badges of the Standard Bearers—accompanied by mammas and Sunday school teachers, made a fête day of Saturday last. They thoroughly toured the Charlestown Navy Yard, fairly

turning the heads of the grizzled old officers by their flood of questions about guns, anchors and uniforms. After this bit of sight-seeing all went to People's Temple, where until 7.30 o'clock everybody talked to everybody else and ate the doughnuts, cheese and coffee served by waiters in Oriental costumes, representing the different castes of Chinese, Japanese, Indian and Turkish society. After these social hours came a missionary rally, with singing, drills by the children and a thrilling address by Mrs. F. D. Gamewell, a missionary from Peking, China, on Unpublished Stories of the Peking Siege. This rally was held under the auspices of the New England Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Church and is the first of a series.

Monthly Missions Meeting

FOR OCTOBER—NORTH CHINA

The Massachusetts Association's committee on missionary work has accepted *The Congregationalist's* invitation to prepare some programs for monthly missionary meetings. It has decided to give somewhat minute directions, believing that they will be welcome to busy pastors and missionary committees. The only outside helps needed for the present topic are a map of China and the *Missionary Herald* for July.

1. Two opening hymns. 2. Prayer. 3. Hymn, "Fling out the banner; let it float." 4. Psalms 1 and 47, read responsively.

5. Geographical talk on North China, part of the densely populated Great Plain, two minutes. Indicate on blackboard map of China the A. B. C. F. M. stations: Peking; Tung-cho, fifteen miles east; Tientsin, seventy-five miles southeast; Pao-tung-fu, 150 miles and Lin Ching 200 miles southwest. Note that for fifteen months from July, 1900, Pang-chuang, 200 miles south, was abandoned; and Kalgan, 150 miles northwest, for eighteen months. Indicate desert of Gobi, through which Kalgan missionaries escaped to Siberia in the Boxer uprising.

6. Talk on reoccupation of Pang-chuang field, eight minutes. Preliminary facts: buildings in Pang-Chuang itself were spared by Boxers; chapels and schoolhouses in its five or six outstations destroyed (Pang-chuang field has 800 villages, population 2,000,000); only two Christians killed, but others ruined financially, and many denied the faith in the Boxer reign of terror; head missionary, the brilliant Dr. Arthur H. Smith, author of *China in Convulsion*. Let the speaker now give substance of Dr. Smith's last letter, *Herald* for July, page 297. Do not read it in the meeting. Important points: confessions by church members, the Easter meeting, rebuilding of chapels, starting again of schools.

7. Let the leader call attention to Dr. Smith's reference to "government schools," page 298. An imperial edict since the Boxer uprising has directed the establishment of eighteen universities and 180 colleges in which Western learning shall be taught. Missionaries have been placed at the head of two of these. Were there enough qualified missionaries in the field, Christianity could head the entire new education of China.

8. Prayer for Pang-chuang.

9. Hymn, "O'er the gloomy hills of darkness."

10. Talk on reoccupation of Kalgan, four minutes; *Herald*, page 294. Note cordiality of Chinese officials (not to be trusted too much) and courage of church members.

11. Hymn.

12. Talk on progress in Peking, two minutes; *Herald*, page 298. One hundred and seventy church members were killed in this field. Note movement for more prayer and Bible study. It would be well to give the history of the new outstation (page 299) from the *Herald* for April, page 161. It sprang a year ago from the residence of one Christian man there, and now numbers twelve or more inquirers and audiences of fifty. So the work grows.

13. One or two instances of martyrdom, *Herald*, page 300. Probably the recantations in China were not more numerous than in former persecutions of the Church in other lands; and in the annals of martyr heroism there are none brighter than these stories.

14. One or more prayers, as called for by the leader.

15. Hymn, "Am I a soldier of the cross?"

The one eternal lesson for us all is how better we can love.—Henry Drummond.

Record of the Week

Calls

ALLEN, REV. MR., from Ireland, to Lamont and Eastmanville, Mich. Accepts.
 AUSTIN, JAMES, Withee, Wis., to Lynxville and Seneca. Accepts.
 BAINTON, J. H., lately of Vancouver, B. C., to Colfax, Wn. Accepts, and is at work.
 BASHFORD, ALFRED E., Thompson, Io., to Magnolia.
 BRIGGS, WALTER A., Big Rapids, Mich., to Valley Junction, Io.
 BROOKS, WILLARD H., Central, Ind., to Lawnview, Okl. Accepts.
 CALLECOT, H. MATTHEW, Chicago Sem., to Crystal Lake, Ill., where he has supplied during the summer. Accepts, and will pursue work at the seminary.
 COLBURN, HARVEY C., to Olmstead Falls, O. Accepts, continuing work in Oberlin Sem.
 DAVIS, FRED K. L., New Bedford, Mass., to Morrisville, Vt.
 DELL, FRANK E., Astoria, Ore., accepts call to Grays Valley, Cal.
 DICKSON, JOHN H., Pana, Ill., to Park Rapids, Minn.
 DIETRICK, EMIL, to Gann Valley, S. D. Accepts.
 EVANS, SPENCER E., Granby, Ct., to Terryville.
 FISK, FLINY H., Edgerton, Minn., to remain another year; also to Clay, Io. Accepts the latter, beginning work in October.
 GERRIE, J. P., Toronto, Can., to Watford.
 GIER, I. E., to Platte Valley Ch., Denver, Col. Accepts and is at work.
 GOUDY, ARTHUR L., recently of Sycamore, Kan., to Olathe. Accepts.
 HAMBL, DAVID D., Oberlin Sem., to Grangeville, Ida. Accepts.
 HUDSON, DORR A., Miller's Falls, Mass., to Lyme, N. H., for a year.
 LONG, FRED K. W., Gaton, Ind., to Redfield, S. D.
 MARKLEY, J. MUNROE, Pittsfield, Ill., to First Ch., Denver, Col. Accepts, to begin work Nov. 1.
 MARTIN, SAM'L A., Rowan and Alexander, Io., to Orchard, Niles and Stillwater.
 MCCORKLE, EDWARD R., Baxter, Io., to Orient. Declines.
 MUNROE, WM., lately of Nelson, Can., to Westmount Ch., Montreal. Accepts.
 NICHOLS, JOHN T., Edgewater Ch., Seattle, Wash., to become Sup't of Seattle City Missionary Society.
 PALMER, OSCAR A., Tonganoxie, Kan., to Neta-waka. Accepts.
 PARSONS, EDWARD, Gann Valley, Duncan and Pleasant Valley, S. D., to Pleasant Valley alone. Accepts.
 PORTER, T. ARTHUR, formerly of Lynxville and Seneca, Wis., to Tomahawk. Accepts.
 ROGERS, CLARENCE J., Olathe, Kan., to S. Milwaukee, Wis. Accepts.
 SHORT, WM. H., recently of Platteville, Wis., to Bloomer. Accepts.
 SMOOT, C. C. (Bapt.), formerly of Eugene, Ore., to Woodland. Has begun work.
 VAN HORN, FRANCIS J., Plymouth Ch., Des Moines, Io., accepts call to Old South Ch., Worcester, Mass.
 WINDLE, G. W. (M. E.), Weston, Neb., to Tonganoxie, Kan.
 WILLIAMS, HARRIET E., recalled to Black Earth, Wis. Accepts, and is at work.

Ordinations and Installations

BLACK, ROBT F., o Redfield, S. D., Sept. 11. Sermon, Rev. H. D. Wliard; other parts, Rev. Messrs. W. H. Thrall, L. Reynolds, C. M. Daley. Mr. Black is under commission of the American Board for Mindanao, Phil. Is.
 BLENKARN, OSBORN E. A., o Plymouth Rock Ch., Valencia, Kan., Sept. 16. Sermon, Rev. Chas. M. Sheldon; other parts, Rev. Messrs. Wm. T. Blenkard, F. D. Jackson, F. Mitchell, W. S. Crouch.
 CROCKER, HERBERT GOULD, o Hillside Ch., Omaha, Neb., Sept. 11. Sermon, Rev. H. C. Her-ring, D. D.; other parts, Rev. Messrs. B. F. Diefenbacher, F. A. Sharpe, F. E. Henry, F. A. Hatch, W. C. Blakeslee and H. Bross.
 NAYLOR, J. W., o West Point, Okl., Sept. 9. Sermon, Rev. O. W. Rogers; other parts, Supt. J. H. Parker and Rev. C. F. Sheldon.
 PETERSON, OSCAR W., Bangor Sem. o Phillips, Me., Sept. 16. Sermon by Prof. C. A. Beckwith, D. D.; other parts, Rev. Messrs. F. A. Noble, D. D., Norman McKinnon, E. R. Smith and Chas. Harbutt. Mr. Peterson is to preach at Phillips and Strong.
 ZIMMERMAN, BENJ., of Little Morean Ch., o WAKUTEMANI, HUNTINGTON W., of Grand River Ch., o.; also FRAZIER, FRANCIS, of Pilgrim Ch., Santee, I.; at Santee, S. D., Sept. 10. Ordination parts, Rev. Messrs. Edwin Phelps, F. P. Woodbury and J. F. Cross. Installation parts, Rev. Messrs. H. K. Warren, B. G. Mattson, W. H. Thrall.

Resignations

BAKER, FRANKLIN, Second Ch., Norfolk, Neb., to accept call to Wisner.

BELL, ABRAHAM, Steuben, Maple Ridge and Harris Ridge, Wis., for further study.
 BUCK, JOHN W., Eddyville, Io., to spend a year at Chicago Sem.
 COLE, THOS. W., Two Rivers, Wis.
 CORE, HARLEY R., Harmony and Rossie, Io., to study in Oberlin Sem.
 GAYLORD, WINFIELD R., New London, Wis., to labor in socialistic lines.
 HESKETT, CLAUDE L., Hartland, Wis.
 IORNS, BENJ., Lyle, Minn.
 LEGGETTE, THOS., Calvary Ch., Kingston, Can.
 LEE, VINTON, Galt, Io., to spend a year at Chicago Sem.; Mrs. Lee will enter the training school for deaconesses.
 MUMBY, ROBERT, Golden, Io.
 PAYNE, CHAS. A., Berlin, Wis., to take effect Oct. 1, after more than eight years' pastorate.
 PEARSON, JOHN L., Alpine and Dehesa, Cal., closing a four years' service. He takes six months' rest for eye treatment.
 PINKNEY, CLARENCE W., Eagle River, Wis., to complete seminary course at Chicago.
 SOLANDT, ANDREW P., Emmetsburg, Io.
 TODD, HENRY C., Prentice, Wis., to take effect Oct. 1. Will spend a year on his farm.
 WILLIAMS, WM. D., Popejoy, Io., to enter upon a theological course at Oberlin.

Stated Supplies

BANDY, PAUL S., Pacific Sem., at Antioch, Cal., for one year.
 CLARK, EDWARD L., recently of Central Ch., Boston, at Plymouth Ch., Worcester, Mass.
 HUTCHINS, A. W., Atlanta Sem., to continue for six months at Fort Valley, Ga., where he has been supplying.
 LOCKE, R. L., Atlanta Sem., at Braswell, Ga., for six months.
 WAGNER, JOHN, indefinitely, at Popejoy, Io.

Dismissions

CATHCART, SAM'L M., Third Ch., Chelsea, Mass., Sept. 17.
 RICHARDSON, JOSEPH B., Mizpah Ch., Hopkins, Minneapolis, Minn., Sept. 9.

Personals

BLAKE, HENRY A., Rochester, N. H., spent the summer on a bicycle trip from Scotland to Switzerland.
 BLISS, HOWARD, president-elect of the Syrian Protestant College, Beirut, will be given a farewell reception in the board rooms of the Presbyterian Building, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, Oct. 2, at 12 o'clock. Friends of Dr. and Mrs. Bliss cordially invited to be present.
 CAMPBELL, CHAS., who recently resigned at Key West, Fla., on account of the health of his wife and child, is to spend a few months delivering illustrated lectures on the Oberammergau Passion Play.
 COOPER, JAS. W., and wife have recently returned from a vacation abroad.
 DICKERSON, ORSON C., Earlville, Ill., recently celebrated the 50th anniversary of his entrance into the ministry by a three-day jubilee service, beginning Aug. 31. At the last meeting the pastor and his wife were presented with \$80 from Earlville and Rollo friends.
 GALE, SULLIVAN F., Florida's Home Miss. Sup't, recently received a message from a New York friend, "Draw on me for \$500 for vacation purposes only."
 HARLOW, RUFUS K., closed a three months' supply at Central Congregational Ch., Middleboro, Mass., Sept. 14.
 JOHNSON, SAM'L, New Haven, N. Y., was presented with a purse of \$100 on the 50th anniversary of his entrance to the ministry.

American Board Personals

COWLES, GEO. B., and wife of the Zulu Mission are at home for a furlough after nearly ten years' service in Africa.
 FAIRBANK, HENRY, and wife sailed from Boston Sept. 17, returning to their work in India.
 MERRILL, MISS ROSE ETHEL, Fair Haven, Ct., has received appointment to the North China Mission, where she is expected to become the wife of Rev. E. E. Alken.
 PEACOCK, M. A., and wife sailed Sept. 17 for the Marathi Mission, India. He has been appointed to the mission's business department, and will be its treasurer.
 RIGGS, MISS MARY W., sailed from Boston Sept. 17 for the Western Turkey Mission, to which she has recently been appointed. She will be stationed at Adabazar, about seventy-five miles east from Constantinople.
 SEARLE, MISS SUSAN A., sailed from Vancouver Aug. 18, returning to the Japan Mission.
 SPRAGUE, WM. P., and wife sailed from Seattle Aug. 26 for the North China Mission.

Churches Organized and Recognized

FAIRVIEW, Wis., 10 Sept. 14 members.
 POOL, ALA., 1 Sept. 9 members.

TIP, ALA., 17 Aug. 17 members.
 WEST POINT, OKL., rec. 9 Sept.

Material Improvements

BROOKLINE, N. H. Vestry retinted, through generosity of two former members.
 CAMPTON, N. H. Audience-room to be renovated and refrescoed, through proceeds of recent fair.
 DODGE CENTER, MINN. Corner stone of new church laid Sept. 12, with addresses by Drs. G. R. Merrill and Rev. C. F. Talbot. Besides local memorials, copies of *The Congregationalist*, *Advance*, and *Christian Endeavor World* were placed therein.
 HAMILTON, N. Y., has been engaged for three years in a "forward movement" in church improvement. There have been no large individual gifts, all have come from popular subscription, yet the benevolences have never aggregated larger. This year's work has consisted in repainting the exterior, and repapering and recarpeting the interior. Previously a pipe organ and electric lights were installed.
 HAVERHILL, MASS. New organ set up and Congregational Hymnal introduced.
 JACKSONVILLE, FLA., whose house of worship was destroyed in the great fire, sixteen months ago, has begun work on its new building, which is expected to be an even finer edifice than the new one which was burned. It is now worshipping in the Jewish synagogue, but hopes to be in the new house by Christmas.
 MILTON, N. H. New tower clock.
 NEW IPSWICH, N. H., has raised \$9,400 toward new edifice.
 ORMOND, FLA. Congregational Hymnal, 120 copies. This is the only church in the state using it.
 SYRACUSE, N. Y., *Plymouth*. Extensive repairs, for which generous offering was made in the summer.

Gifts

FRANKLIN, N. H. State Orphans' Home, \$37,365, as residuary legatee of Mrs. Susan E. W. Creighton. Old Ladies' Home, \$1,000 from estate of Dr. J. A. Graves of Nashua.
 HOMER, N. Y. Hutchings-Votey organ, gift of Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Newton; memorial windows, from Dea. E. S. Ranney.
 NEW SMYRNA, FLA. New and beautiful parsonage, gift of a winter resident, Mr. W. E. Conner, to be furnished by Mrs. Conner.
 SALAMANCA, N. Y. Set of individual communion cups.

August Receipts of the A. M. A.

	1901	1902
Donations,	\$2,764.41	\$10,500.39
Estates,	4,961.33	6,264.54
Tuition,	597.58	162.75
	\$15,023.32	\$16,927.68
Donations,	11 mos. 1901	11 mos. 1902
Estates,	\$153,389.86	\$158,460.06
Tuition,	74,459.73	69,803.32
	48,916.42	49,498.21
	\$276,766.01	\$275,761.59

The increase in donations is \$3,070.20, and in tuition \$581.79; and a decrease in estates for current work of \$4,656.41; net decrease \$1,004.42.

Unusual Features

ALFRED, ME. Mrs. W. H. Conant, a summer resident, has offered her beautifully furnished home in Portland to the pastor, Rev. R. C. Drisco, and his family, "to use as their own" during their annual vacation.
 ATTLEBORO, MASS., has secured a stone from the old English church in Attleborough, Eng., to place in its new edifice.
 GROTON, CT., during the dismantling of its old church and pending the completion of its new one has accepted an invitation from the Groton Heights Baptist church to worship with them, the two pastors to preach alternately.

The second annual meeting of Student Volunteers in Japan was held recently at Karuzawa, a highland town. The organization dates from the general conference of Protestant missionaries at Tokyo in 1900, and now includes a membership of fully 110, half a dozen of whom are from England. Messrs. Fisher, Gleason and Helm, the three Y. M. C. A. secretaries, had charge of the meetings. The presence and assistance of several young men, recent graduates from American colleges, now teaching English in the government schools of Japan was a feature. The general subject was the need of Japanese Christian workers. The difficulties in the way of inducing strong young men and women to direct their lives to such work are great.

The Near Future of Congregational Pulpits

A large audience was attracted to the Boston Monday meeting by the announcement that Dr. Wallace Nutting would speak upon the ministry. His keen analysis of present conditions and their causes brought frequent response and at the close long continued applause. In a decade, he said, the number of students for the ministry has decreased forty per cent., while the aspirants for honors in law have been doubled. This decrease is specially marked in Congregational churches. We are not raising enough ministers for home consumption. Young men are often discouraged from entering the seminary. The present ministry are not at all concerned for their successors. The seminaries are not making preachers, and yet the element of the service which cannot be had at home is the sermon, for which he has less training than in sociological and aesthetic studies.

The vital reason for the decrease is that the preachers have no message. They cannot say "thus saith the Lord," for they do not know what he says. The pre-eminent need is the power of the Holy Spirit. The proof that we shall in the near future have men for the times is in their need.

Dr. David Gregg was called to the platform and spoke in high terms of the preachers of the Congregational pulpits of New England. He declared that a successful ministry was assured by enlisting men of God who preached Christ and were full of Pentecostal power.

Previous to the addresses an appropriate minute was read upon the deaths of Dr. G. W. R. Scott and Rev. W. P. Mandell. The meeting also heard briefly William Benson, representing interesting work of education among the colored farmers of Eastern Alabama. The moderator announced special prayer services, by S. M. Sayford of the Evangelistic Association, at Park Street Church, Sept. 29—Oct. 4.

Meetings and Events to Come

BOSTON MINISTERS' MEETING, Pilgrim Hall, Sept. 29, 10:30 A. M.
SUFFOLK NORTH ASSOCIATION, Arlington, Mass., with Rev. S. C. Bushnell, Sept. 30, 2 P. M.
NORFOLK CONFERENCE, First Ch., Weymouth Heights, Sept. 30.
WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS, New Hampshire Branch, Oct. 8.
MASSACHUSETTS S. S. CONVENTION, Springfield, Oct. 7-9.
BROTHERHOOD OF ST. ANDREW, Convention, Boston, Oct. 9-12.
AMERICAN BOARD, Oberlin, Oct. 14-17.
ALL NEW ENGLAND C. E. CONVENTION, Boston, Oct. 14-17.
AMERICAN MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION, New London, Oct. 21-23.
MAINE S. S. CONVENTION, Farmington, Oct. 22-24.
WOMAN'S BOARD OF THE INTERIOR, Chicago, Oct. 28-30.
WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION, Boston, Oct. 29.
WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS, Annual, Washington, Nov. 5, 6.

STATE CONVENTIONS, 1902

North Carolina,	Raleigh,	Sept. 24-29
Montana,	Helena,	Sept. 30
Oregon,	Salem,	Oct. 1-5
Idaho,	New Plymouth,	Oct. 2
Wyoming,	Cheyenne,	Oct. 4-5
California,	Petaluma,	Oct. 7
Wisconsin,	La Crosse,	Oct. 7
South Carolina,	Charleston,	Oct. 9-13
Southern California,	Ventura,	Oct. 14
Utah,	Ogden,	Oct. 15-17
Nebraska,	Weeping Water,	Oct. 20-23
Colorado,	Fueblo,	Oct. 21
Washington,	Spokane,	Oct. 28-30
Alabama,		Nov. 12
Georgia,	Savannah,	Nov. 13-16
Connecticut,	New Britain,	Nov. 18-19

Additions or corrections should be sent promptly.

Marriages

The charge for marriage notices is twenty-five cents.

GALE-SPENCER—In Alden, Io., Sept. 16, by Rev. C. N. Lyman and Pres. D. F. Bradley, Rev. Clarence R. Gale of Plymouth Ch., Spokane, Wn., and Esther Spencer.
MACKINTOSH-STONE—In Montreat, N. C., Sept. 11, by Rev. F. D. Rood, Rev. George L. Mackintosh, pastor of Fourth Presb. Ch., Indianapolis, Ind., and Bertha G. Stone.
WOODS-BUSH—In Cambridge, Mass., Sept. 18, Robert A. Woods of the South End House, Boston, and Eleanor H. Bush.

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Deaths

The charge for notices of deaths is twenty-five cents. Each additional line ten cents, counting eight words to a line. The money should be sent with the notice.

ANDRUS—In South Haven, Mich., Sept. 1, Rev. Eliazur Andrus, aged 84 yrs. His pastoral work had been almost entirely in Michigan, where he held charges at Augusta, Niles, Allegan, Pentwater, Vicksburg, Cooper, Alamo and Douglas.

AUSTIN—In Orange City, Fla., Rev. Lewis A. Austin, aged 68 yrs.

TORREY—In Beverly, Mass., Sept. 20, Henry A. P. Torrey, for thirty-four years professor of philosophy at the University of Vermont, aged 65 yrs. A graduate of Union Seminary in 1864, he served for a couple of years as pastor of the Congregational church in Vergennes, Vt., but entered upon his work in the university in 1868.

WEBSTER—In Concord, N. H., Sept. 7, Dr. Claudius B. Webster, a. ed 86 yrs. He was for sixteen years principal of an academy at Norwich, Ct., and during the Civil War served as an assistant surgeon in the Federal Army. In 1870 he went to Sheffield, Eng., as United States consul, and served there more than fifteen years. For the past few years he had made his home in Concord.

F. E. TRACY

Frederick E. Tracy died at Mansfield, O., Sept. 13, aged seventy-one years. The burial was at Mansfield, Rev. Charles Lemolme officiating. Mr. Tracy has for over forty years been an active Congregationalist, and will be greatly missed from the work not only of the First Church of Mansfield, but also of the whole State of Ohio. He was a staunch friend of missions, home and foreign, and a most generous contributor. Since 1860 he has been the senior member of the firm of Tracy & Avery, wholesale grocers. He was a deacon of the church for many years, and a worker in the Sunday school and prayer meeting. During his last long illness, although feeble, he has missed scarcely a single service, being a notable example of patient continuance in well-doing. At the burial service, which occurred on Sept. 16, several different organizations attended in a body. He leaves a widow, Anna Lord Tracy, whom he married in Honesdale, Pa., in 1855, and four children: Mr. Howard Tracy, Evanston, Ill.; Mrs. Charles E. Winslow, Stanford University, California; Russell L. Tracy, Salt Lake City, Utah; Mrs. Sydney Strong, Oak Park, Ill.; Mrs. Fayette D. Winslow, Aurora, Ill.

Dragged-Down Feeling

In the loins.

Nervousness, unrefreshing sleep, despondency.

It is time you were doing something.

The kidneys were anciently called the reins—in your case they are holding the reins and driving you into serious trouble.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Acts with the most direct, beneficial effect on the kidneys. It contains the best and safest substances for correcting and toning these organs.



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CHEVAL TOILET

And now here comes a Western designer (and a man of great reputation as an artist) with a new Toilet Table which is a combination of table and cheval glass.

It is a very stately production, and we have such an advance demand for it that we have produced it in four different woods—oak, mahogany, birch and maple.

The supports are exceedingly graceful, and it would be difficult to imagine a handsomer Toilet Table than this at twice its cost. The carving is especially good; so, too, are the legs. The glass measures 36 by 18 inches, and is heavy French plate.

Of course it is impossible to have a full-size cheval, but this shows three-fourths of the figure.



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A Diamond Anniversary in Cambridge, Mass.

Seventy-five years ago, when the contest between Trinitarian and Unitarian Congregationalism was intense in Eastern Massachusetts, Dr. Lyman Beecher, then pastor of Hanover Street Church, Boston, decided to carry the war into the enemy's citadel; and with this end in view labored to organize a new Trinitarian church in Cambridge, selecting Cambridgeport as the site. Its first pastor was Rev. David Perry; then came Rev. William Augustus Stearns, later president of Amherst College, who from 1831 to 1854 gave the church its standing in community and denomination, and contributed much to broadening and sweetening sectarian relations in the city at large. Of later pastors, the more prominent have been Dr. James O. Murray, later dean of Princeton University, Rev. Kinsley Twining of the New York *Independent*, and *Evangelist* and Dr. D. N. Beach.

Last Sunday and Monday the church, which took the name of the Prospect Street and is now ably led by Dr. R. A. Beard, celebrated its seventy-fifth anniversary, its ecclesiastical offspring, Pilgrim, Wood Memorial and Hope Churches, joining with it. A history of the church prepared by Dr. Beach, he read at the morning service. In the afternoon came a fellowship meeting of the mother church and her children, and then the administration of the Lord's Supper. In the evening Dr. William V. W. Davis of Pittsfield, son-in-law of Dr. Stearns, read a nobly conceived and illuminating estimate of the man whose skill in practical administration, saintliness of character, rare eloquence and irenic spirit made his long pastorate, and his administration at Amherst so notable; and then, after thanking the donor of the tablet in behalf of Dr. Stearns's kindred, Dr. Davis unveiled a handsome bronze tablet, which reads thus:

William Augustus Stearns, D.D., LL.D.
March 17, 1805—June 8, 1876.

Pastor of This Church, 1831-1854.

President of Amherst College, 1854-1876.

Of Rare Personal Grace, of Gentle and Commanding Manner.

His Vigorous Powers Finely Trained and Faithfully Used.

His Delicate and Strong Spirit Loving Truth, Liberty, Man.

And Early Devoted in Joyful Obedience to His Divine Lord.

This Church, Which was Blessed by His Spotless Life,

Enriched by His Fruitful Labor,

Quickened by His Inspiring Words,
Holds Him in Most Grateful Remembrance.

The donor is Mrs. Anna E. Douglass, a member of the church since 1854. The inscription is practically the same as that on the tablet at Amherst College, which was draughted by the late Dr. R. S. Storrs of Brooklyn.

On Monday evening the church opened its doors hospitably to guests from abroad as well as to all its own household. Ex-Mayor F. A. Allen presided, and representative men of the city and denomination spoke and letters of reminiscence were read. At all the services an appropriate anniversary hymn—by Mrs. H. K. Wyman—more than usually apt in expression and devotional in spirit, was sung. At the close of the celebration there was general satisfaction with the worthy way in which a fine record had been brought to mind, and joy at the fine outlook for duplicating past achievements.

M.

A New Organ in Concord, N. H.

During the prolonged vacation of South Church, Concord, the Hutchins-Votey Organ Company of Boston installed a fine \$8,000 instrument. The edifice was reopened Sept. 7 with special dedication services. The organ is equipped with all modern appliances, and except in size is unexcelled by any in the country. Its case is of antique oak, chaste and rich in design. It has four manuals, thirty-three stops, and 1,944 pipes, with ten couplers, by means of which the "great," "choir," "swell" and "pedal" organ can be joined, making the mechanical possibilities great.

A pleasing feature of the organ is a chime of twenty bells presented by Maj. Henry McFarland, who has been the active agent in securing the instrument, as a memorial of Des. Asa McFarland, his father, a founder of the church and a faithful attendant for forty-three years. At the close of the sermon by Rev. E. W. Bishop, the pastor, the organist played "Nearer, my God, to Thee," on the chimes with fine effect. Another feature of interest was the presence of Dr. H. P. Dewey of Brooklyn, a former pastor, who assisted in the exercises.

C.

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THE CONGREGATIONAL HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY is represented in Massachusetts (and in Massachusetts only) by the MASSACHUSETTS HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY, No. 609 Congregational House. Rev. Joshua Oolt, Secretary. Rev. Edwin B. Palmer, Treasurer.

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THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH BUILDING SOCIETY—Church and Parsonage Building. Rev. L. H. Cobb, D.D., Secretary; Charles E. Hope, Treasurer; United Charities Building, New York; Rev. George A. Hood, Congregational House, Boston, Field Secretary.

BOARD OF MINISTERIAL AID, Boston, Mass. Requests solicited in this name. Send gifts to A. G. Standwood, Treasurer, 704 Sears Building. Apply for aid to E. B. Palmer, 609 Congregational House.

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THE CONGREGATIONAL BOARD OF PASTORAL SUPPLY, established by the Massachusetts General Association, offers its services to churches desiring pastors or pulpits in Massachusetts and in other States. Room 610 Congregational House, Boston. Rev. Charles B. Rice, Secretary.

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THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION, Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street, New York. Missions in the United States, evangelistic and educational, at the South and in the West, among the Indians and Chinese. Boston office, 615 Congregational House; Chicago office, 153 La Salle Street. Donations may be sent to either of the above offices, or to H. W. Hubbard, Treasurer, Fourth Ave. and Twenty-second St., New York City.

THE CONGREGATIONAL HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY, Fourth Ave. and 22d St., New York, N. Y. Mr. William B. Howland, Treasurer, to whom donations and subscriptions and all correspondence relating to estates and annuities should be addressed. Rev. Joseph B. Clark, D.D., and Rev. Washington Choate, D.D., Corresponding Secretaries, to whom all correspondence on other matters relating to the National Society should be sent.

Our Benevolent Societies

NATIONAL COUNCIL'S MINISTERIAL RELIEF FUND (under the management of the Trustees of the National Council).—Aids aged and disabled ministers and missionaries and their families. Chairman, Rev. H. A. Stimson, D.D., New York; Field Secretary, Rev. Edward Hawes, D.D., Hartford, Ct.; Secretary, Edwin H. Baker, Greenwich, Ct.; Treasurer, Rev. Samuel B. Forbes, Hartford, Ct. Form of Request: "I give to the Trustees of the National Council of the Congregational Churches of the United States—dollars, to be used for the purpose of Ministerial Relief." All correspondence should be addressed to Mrs. N. H. Whittlesey, 135 Wall St., New Haven, Ct.

THE CONGREGATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL AND PUBLISHING SOCIETY, Congregational House, Boston. Willard Scott, D.D., President; Geo. M. Boynton, D.D., Secretary and Treasurer. The Missionary Department, which is in charge of the Secretary, sustains Sunday school missionaries, furnishes lesson helps, libraries and other necessary literature to new and needy schools gratuitously, or at reduced cost. The administrative expenses of this department are wholly defrayed by appropriations from the Business Department. All contributions from churches, Sunday schools and individuals go directly for missionary work. W. A. Duncan, Ph.D., is Field Secretary and Rev. F. J. Marsh is New England Superintendent for this department.

The Business Department, in charge of the Business Manager, and known in the trade as the Pilgrim Press, publishes *The Congregationalist* and *Christian World*, the Pilgrim Series of Lesson Helps and Sunday school papers, books for Sunday schools and home reading, Records and Requisites for churches and Sunday schools, and sells the books of all other publishers as well as its own. Its treasury is entirely separate from that of the Missionary Department, to which, however, it makes annual appropriations. Orders for books and subscriptions for periodicals from Ohio and all states east should be sent to the Business Manager, J. H. Tewksbury, at Boston, and from the interior and western states to the Chicago Agency at 175 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Subscribers' Wants

Notices under this heading, not exceeding five lines (eight words to the line), cost subscribers fifty cents each insertion. Additional lines ten cents each per insertion.

Wanted, a capable woman to do general housework, including cooking, in a clergyman's family with three children. Write to G. H. Ewing, Yarmouth, Mass.

To Let. House in West Newton suitable for doctor or private boarding house; stable, fruit and shade trees; rent reasonable. Address C. E. 39, *The Congregationalist* office.

Position Wanted. Nursing or general usefulness in care of invalid. Physician's recommendation. \$6, board and expenses. Miss L. L. J., 108 Union Street, Franklin, Mass.

Wanted, a position as matron, by a lady who has had ten years' successful experience as matron and superintendent in public institutions. Best references. Address Matron, Box 189, Rock Falls, Ill.

A clergyman of experience and somewhat known as an author would like to divide his time between church and literary work. Small salary accepted. An opportunity for some small church. Address Literary 59, care of *The Congregationalist*.

Massage. A lady, holding diploma, and of experience, will give, to ladies only, plain, practical instruction in Massage, to help where the services of the professional masseuse cannot be had. References exchanged. E. Dillon, 423 Blue Hill Ave., Roxbury, Mass.

French Celebration in Lowell

Lowell has its Little Canada for its 25,000 French people. They are mostly Roman Catholic, but there is enough Huguenot spirit to maintain among them Baptist, Methodist and Congregational missions. The latter is the largest and is beautifully housed in a stone edifice, where it has just celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary. This unique jubilee called together French pastors and people from Springfield, Holyoke, Fall River, Ware, Marlboro, Spencer, Torrington, Ct., and even from Canada, for a three days' love feast, Sept. 16-18.

The guiding spirit was the pastor, Rev. T. G. A. Côté, the father of French Congregationalism in New England, who founded this church—first of the nine that owe their life to him. Dainty programs in French announced the fraternal participation of all the Congregational pastors of Lowell, besides Rev. James O'Connor of New York, Rev. W. A. Knight of Boston and the indispensable benefactor, Sec. Joshua Colt of the Home Missionary Society.

In the twenty-five years from 1877, four hundred souls have been received into communion—all but fifty on confession. This is a record of fruits far surpassing the average of our New England churches and justifies the aid given by our Home Missionary Society. The present membership is less than 100, for the church inevitably scatters its children among the English-speaking churches and thus serves as a viaduct for French-speaking Canadians, passing them over into our fellowship. This function will obviously continue so long as new immigration from Canada is needed in our mills; or until the generation that clings fondly to the mother language shall have passed away.

It was a memorable moment of the Mardi Séance when Rev. J. Provost of Torrington, Ct., interrupted the exercises and presented an exquisite gold medal to Rev. Thomas Germain Alexandre Côté as a token of gratitude and esteem from the nine French churches that claim his spiritual fatherhood.

E. V. B.

President Loubet of France is a Good Samaritan. He found a cyclist wounded by the roadside as the result of a fall, took him in his carriage to his presidential mansion and cared for him.

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who hasn't
said

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Vacation Values

A great multitude who have just returned from their summer outing are casting up accounts and estimating what they have gained in exchange for the weeks without business and for the home comforts left behind. Some have spent much money and time and have little to show in return. Some console themselves that they have learned how not to spend another summer. The most, it is to be hoped, have made the experience pay in one way or another. As a sample bargain, one of the best we have heard of is described by Rev. William Byron Forbush in *The Boston Transcript*. He camped with his family in an abandoned New Hampshire farmhouse by a pond. We extract some bits of their doings with a summary of the results.

"The gracious influences of nature became evident from the beginning. Some of us suffered from headache and homesickness, but nobody caught cold. The children felt everywhere so safe they did not want to say their prayers. We immediately lost all interest in remembering the days of the week and, as in Arden, there was no clock in the forest. We thought with infinite compassion of those flanneled oats over the mountain chasing golf balls and of the befuddled women who played whist in the house during the hours of sunlight. The events of the great world were unknown, but an appointment with a marsh sparrow at daydawn or a morning spent hunting fungi and birds' nests made a day notable. We never tired of the shifting greens of the mountain backgrounds, the fog wreaths before sun-up, the stained-glass windows of sunset, while the children said they had never known that there were so many stars.

"There was a special awesome pleasure in going out on the lake at night and luring from the black depths the uncanny hornpout. They all tasted when cooked much like a paper of pins warmed up. The old idle dam with its rotting timbers, the home of striped snakes and bright green frogs, was a source of unexpected delight. It was restful to see so much wood and water really going to waste. There was the constant magic of the water; to hear it trickle, splash and roar, to be near it, to touch it, to be on it, to master it. There was bathing, the prime element of a boy's heaven. We swam about the coffer, we made a 'shoot the chutes' over the dam itself, we frolicked under the splash, and we used the millgate with its spray as a Cave of the Winds.

"My Lady made a list of all the flowers she

knew, classed by their colors, but I did nothing more scientific than to note the new sounds and odors and tastes of nature and to collect the signs of rain and the ways of determining the points of the compass. Most nature study is, after all, only a game, the oldest in the world—that of naming things. It is that which Jehovah taught our garden ancestor when he brought all the beasts of the field and the fowl of the air to Adam to see what he would call them. We were conscious, however, how little deeper than mere names we were piercing to the beautiful wild life that tolled and sported and struggled all about us.

"Never did a week seem so crowded with events as this one. It is the unexpectedness of life which makes the wilderness interesting. A bee stung some one's foot, a cat leapt into the ladies' apartment at night, the children saved cold potatoes for ammunition in the darkness, the farm boy lined the stenographer's bed with bean poles, we found some pickerels' eggs when bathing, we played an exciting ball game against the native population, a housewife got locked up in her own henhouse—no such fun ever comes to us in the city.

"I can begin already to see some of the good and comfortable fruits of our trip. We had become acquainted with some new roads, forests, mountain sides, birds, beasts and men and women. We had gained in hardihood, power of observation and 'faculty.' We had borne a few hardships and burdens together and so grown sympathetic. I had learned to know my own children as I had not learned them in a year previous. And they had gained the most of all. They can go back to school and say something of how a mud turtle and a muskrat act under water, of how the Indian pipe and the princess pine and the hardback grow in the ground and the way of a crane, a crow and an oriole in the air. Something has come into their spirits with the early rising, the feel of the moss and the wet grass to the bare feet, of the sun on the back and the rain in the face, something in the stillness so deep that the horse hoofs on the wooden bridge sound like thunder, more than the darkening of the skin and the toughening of the sinew. Their teachers will see it in their being less machinelike and more full of the initiative and grasp in every approach to knowledge."

Spanish Work in Southern California

Rev. A. M. Merwin, who for nineteen years made so fine a missionary record in Chile, South America, is no less earnest and enthusiastic in his work among the Spanish-speaking people in Southern California.

Since his return, about fifteen years ago, he has lived in Pasadena, where he is a busy worker. He has built three churches in this section, at which he speaks every Sunday, besides doing valuable open-air work. At Azusa he is putting up a stone building, and will finish it as soon as necessary funds shall be received. He has also taken advantage of the coming of a great number of Mexican laborers into the old Spanish city of Los Angeles, tempted by higher prices.

Led by Mr. Merwin, two helpers go out into the plaza and gather the crowds that throng there, especially on Saturday nights. The methods are similar to those of the Salvation Army. A few weeks ago a Mexican, attracted by the singing, came in and at the close begged for prayers. He had a package of poison in his pocket and was on the brink of suicide. He is apparently a genuine convert, and asks admission to the church.

The *Spanish Evangel* is issued ten months in the year by the California Spanish Missionary Society.

At a Ministers' Association at Los Angeles recently Mr. Merwin read a paper called *A Drift from Rome*, which at their request was published. In it he gives startling facts gathered from his own observations in this country and from Catholic papers abroad, showing the decrease in their adherents and the sympathy with true Christian work shown by some earnest priests and sturdy patriots.

S. E. B.

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If you suffer from Eczema, Salt Rheum, Ringworm, Itch, Ivy Poison, Acne, or other skin troubles,

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The Old World in the New Century

By WILLIAM E. BARTON, D. D.

The Pilgrim Press has just issued a new volume by Dr. Barton, the largest of his books thus far, descriptive of his recent journey to Egypt, Palestine, and the countries of the Orient. There are many and learned treatises descriptive of these countries; with these this book enters into no competition. But it is sure of a large place of its own as a fresh, up-to-date and truthful account of these scenes and shrines as they appear in this year of grace, 1902. Beside its merit as a bright and readable narrative of a tour such as thousands of Americans long to take, and hope some day to take, it contains just the information desired by those who want to know the facts as they appear to an American tourist of today. For those who plan to make such a tour no better preparation is possible than this book affords.

The volume is a large octavo. It contains 487 pages, and 240 illustrations, many of them taken by Dr. Barton and nearly all of them made especially for this work.

The Pilgrim Press publishes the book at \$2.50 net, but offers it to *Congregationalist* readers at \$2.00 net. Postage 30 cents additional if mailed.

BOSTON The Pilgrim Press CHICAGO

SOUR BREAD.

Annoyed the Doctor.

If you get right down to the bottom of your stomach trouble it is wrong food, and the way to correct it is not by drugs but by using the right food.

A physician in Barron, Wis., writes an instructive letter on this point. He says: "I am a practicing physician, 45 years old, and about 6 feet in height. When I began using Grape-Nuts last spring I weighed 140 lbs., was thin and poor, had a coating on my tongue and frequently belched wind or gas and small pieces of undigested bread or potatoes which were very sour, in short I had acid dyspepsia.

"I consulted a brother physician who advised me to eat about four teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts at the commencement of each meal and drink Postum Cereal Coffee. I had been in the habit of drinking coffee for breakfast and tea for dinner and supper. I followed the advice of my brother physician as to diet and experienced relief at once.

"Ever since that time I have eaten Grape-Nuts with sweet milk or cream each morning for breakfast and I now weigh 155 lbs., and am no more troubled with sour stomach. I am very fond of Postum Food Coffee and attribute my relief as much to that as I do to Grape-Nuts.

"Often when I am called out in the night to see a patient and on my return home I feel tired and hungry, I eat the usual quantity of Grape-Nuts before going to bed and then sleep soundly all night." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Striking Utterances

People are not only being robbed at the present time, but as surely as present prices [of coal] remain many must suffer, and some die, because of the robbery.—*Rev. C. E. Davis, pastor Tremont Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Boston.*

The men who need public and social worship will never, as a rule, seek it unless the men who think they do not need it set the example and join in it. There is, in my judgment, no more commanding public duty than attendance at church on a Sunday. The greater the man's influence, the more sufficient he may be to himself, the greater and more imperative the duty.—*Senator George F. Hoar, at Bicentennial of First Parish, Framingham, Mass.*

While I am favorable to arbitration for adjusting differences between nations or between employers and employees, I cannot see in it a solution of the labor problem. Arbitration means simply the interference of the public in the relations between employers and employees. When these relations in great strikes reach a point where they affect the general welfare, society has a right to say what shall be done in the matter, but law has always failed to adjust wages, and its efforts in that direction have done more harm than good. . . . We are to have a new law of wages grown out of religious thought. The old struggle was for existence; the new struggle is for a wider spiritual margin. The application of this religious idea is the true solution of the labor problem.—*Hon. Carroll D. Wright, at West Virginia University.*

Cuyler, Storrs and Moody

Rev. Dr. T. L. Cuyler's autobiography just issued contains the following estimates of men in whom *The Congregationalist's* constituency are interested.

RICHARD S. STORRS

"All the world knew that Richard S. Storrs possessed wonderful brain power, culture and scholarship; but only those who were closest to him knew what a big loving heart he had. Some of the sweetest and tenderest private letters that I ever received came from his ready pen. I was looking over some of them lately; they are still as fragrant as if preserved in lavender. His heart was a very pure fountain of noble thought and of sweet, unselfish affection. He died at the right time; his great work was complete; he did not linger on to outlive himself."

DWIGHT L. MOODY

"D. L. Moody was by far the most extraordinary proclaimer of the gospel that America has produced during the last century, as Spurgeon was the most extraordinary in Great Britain. Those two heralds of salvation led the column. They reached millions by their eloquent tongues, and their printed words went out to the ends of the earth."

A CAT'S INTELLIGENCE.

Dumb Animals Can Scent Danger.

A cat will refuse to drink coffee but will drink and thrive on Postum Food Coffee.

Mrs. Alice Gould of Maywood, Ill., says: "Coffee drinking made me very much run down, thin and nervous and I thought I should have to give up my work."

I was induced to try Postum by a friend who suffered four years from severe sick headaches, lasting for several days at a time, who said that since using Postum Coffee she had been entirely free from an attack. I found that by making Postum according to directions it was equal to coffee in flavor.

It is now six months since I began drinking Postum and I have gained eighteen pounds in weight. It has built me up and I feel like a new person.

We all drink it now, even to the cat, who is the pet of the family, and it is funny to see him drink his bowl of Postum Food Coffee every morning. We often try to get him to drink coffee, but he has the good sense to refuse it."

Among the Seminaries

PACIFIC

Two special courses of lectures on the Psychology of Religion have just been announced. They will be given by Prof. E. D. Starbuck of Stanford University and Prof. G. M. Stratton of the University of California. Professor Starbuck is the author of a valuable volume on the Psychology of Religion, embodying his special studies of the religion of childhood and youth. Professor Stratton has published many review articles, and is much in demand for lectures and addresses of fine scholarship and literary merit.

Professor Starbuck's lectures are grouped under the headings, The Nature and Content of Religion; Growth of Religion in the Individual; Conditions Underlying the Variety of Religious Experience; Special Phases of Religious Development. Professor Stratton's are under the headings, Philosophy; Psychology in Some of Its Religious Aspects. These are among the chief subjects of single lectures: The Growth Conception of Religion; Religion as an Instinct; As Spontaneous, Rationalized Will; The Religion of Childhood; Of Youth; Of Adult Life; The Naturalness of Religious Phenomena; The Supernatural in Religion; Agnosticism and the Range of Human Knowledge; The Philosophy of Reasonable Optimism; Connection Between Morality and Knowledge; Distinctive Marks of Christianity; The Psychological Basis of Certain Doctrines.

The seminary counts itself fortunate in securing for its students such thoroughly scientific courses by men devout as well as scholarly. Alumni and other ministers within reach are invited to attend.

C. S. N.

UNION.

At the opening service held last Thursday in Adams Chapel, the acting president, Dr. Wm. Adams Brown, made an address on The Spirit of Modern Theology. Not all the students have registered, but indications are that about the same number as last year, 124, will be found in the new class. President Hall is not expected to return from India until May 1, 1903.

C. N. A.

ANDOVER

The ninety-fifth year of work began Sept. 17. A considerable gain in the number of students has been made since last year. All but two of the old men have returned and new students already at the seminary, together with those on the way, will make the enrollment over twenty. All classes have received accessions and a number of men have come to take up special and post graduate work.

The assured permanence of the institution in this place has strengthened the hands of the administration and its beneficial results are seen in the general tone of affairs, in improved buildings and a marked strengthening of the curriculum. The Junior work of the Old Testament department and some advanced courses are being conducted by Dr. Owen P. Gates, formerly of Oberlin Seminary. Several special courses will be given. The series of lectures on foreign missions provided by the Hyde foundation will be given by Dr. J. P. Jones of India, beginning Sept. 29. The Southworth Lectures, upon The Organized Work of the Church, will be delivered by a Western educator. A special lectureship will be provided by the alumni during the latter part of the year upon some aspect of philosophy or apologetics, and additional courses in Old Testament science and in religious education are contemplated.

W. B. W.

Federation in California

The great movement toward church federation has reached California. There has been for a year a provisional state federation, which will be made permanent this fall. The first local union has now been organized in Berkeley. The leading churches of a half dozen denominations have united, and at their invitation, Pacific Theological Seminary, Berkeley Bible Seminary and the University Y. M. C. A. have joined the movement. A mass meeting will soon be held to express and promote fellowship.

N.

Rev. John Kelman of Edinburgh, Scotland, who was at Northfield this summer, and whose sermon on The Struggle with Doubt we published Sept. 6, is talked of by the Canadian Presbyterian press as successor of Prof. Halliday Douglass his intimate friend—at Knox College. Professor Douglass's premature death was a sad blow to his friends in England, Scotland and Canada.

THE VALUE OF CHARCOAL.

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Charcoal sweetens the breath after smoking or after eating onions and other odorous vegetables.

Charcoal effectually clears and improves the complexion; it whitens the teeth and further acts as a natural and eminently safe cathartic.

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